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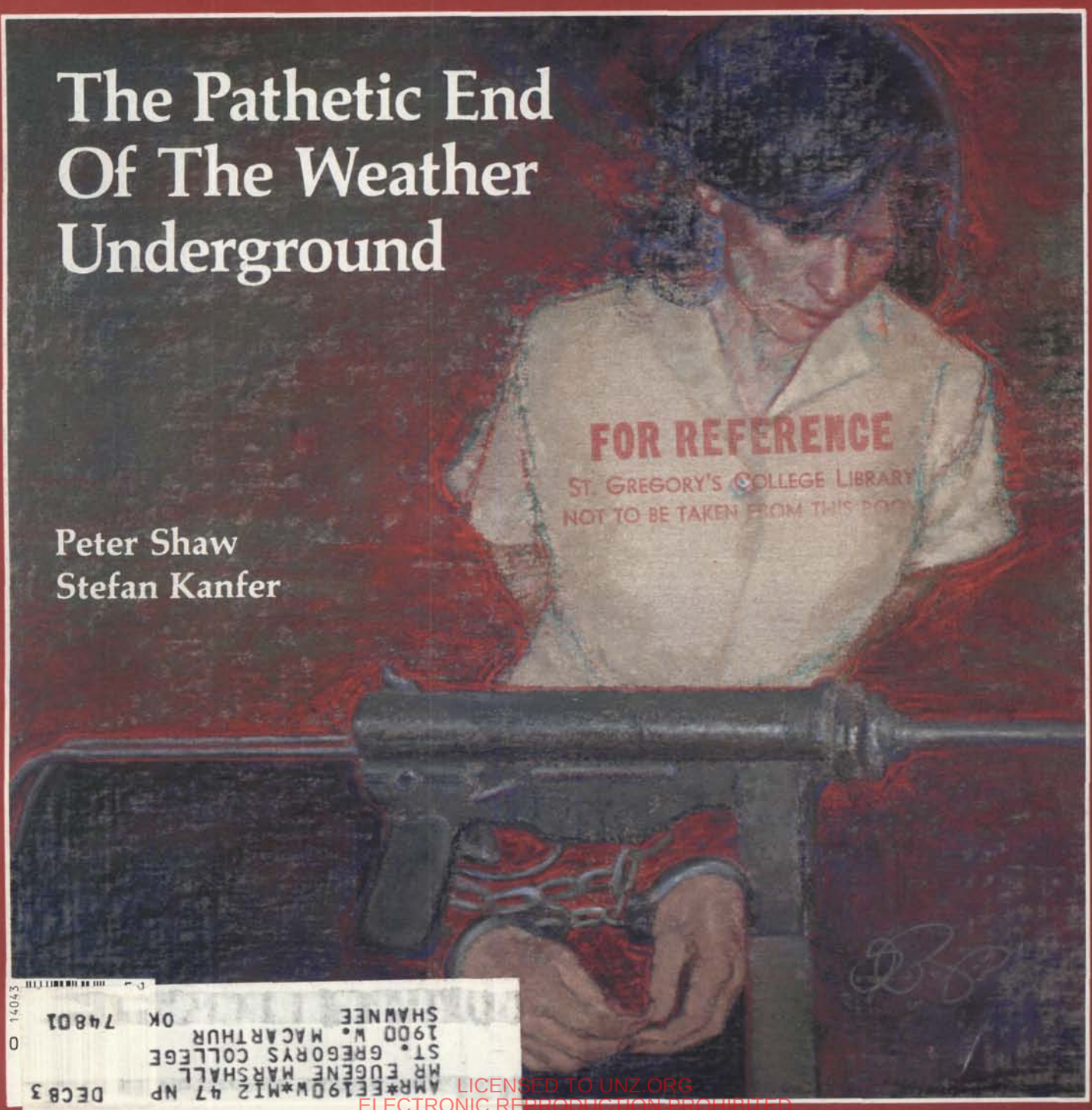
Schizophrenia Made Stockman Do It, By Bruce Mazlish

Anne Tyler on Dressing Up • John Canaday on Art Books • Leon Edel on Nabokov

THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Pathetic End Of The Weather Underground

Peter Shaw
Stefan Kanfer



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CORRESPONDENCE

LOOKING AT BROOKS

To the editors:

With regard to Alfred Kazin's article on Van Wyck Brooks ("Books as a Better Kind of life," November 18): by stating at the *conclusion* of his piece that "Brooks's ideas were never original," the author appears to contradict virtually everything which has gone before, from his own youthful (and enthusiastic) first reading, to his seeming acceptance of the general acclaim accorded Brooks's work—particularly the "New England" series. I find myself puzzled by this sudden shift in point of view, served up without supporting argument or evidence. It's my opinion that Van Wyck Brooks stands alongside Perry Miller, Vernon L. Parrington, and F. O. Matthiessen as re-creators of the literary history of New England.

John Wells Chamberlin
Evanston, Illinois

To the editors:

Because I agree with Alfred Kazin that Raymond Nelson's *Van Wyck Brooks: A Writer's Life* is "unfailingly intelligent," let me point out two facts that go unmentioned in the review. Mr. Kazin is not simply a disinterested critic who once admired Brooks and then came to see Brooks's limitations. Mr. Kazin himself appears briefly in Nelson's biography as the author of a review and of two explanatory letters to Brooks, all of which enraged Brooks 30 years ago. "That is a LIE," Brooks scribbled on one of these letters, and "HELL!!!" in response to some of the very criticisms that you now reprint as the survivor's considered judgment of Brooks and his work. Nothing in THE NEW REPUBLIC's review, moreover, gives the reader any indication that Nelson's account of Brooks's breakdown, its causes and effects, differs emphatically from Mr. Kazin's version.

David Levin
University of Virginia
Charlottesville, Virginia

Alfred Kazin replies:

Mr. Levin's suggestion that my portrait of Van Wyck Brooks was motivated by resentment of Brooks's temper tantrum is scurrilous and ignorant. I was a witness at Brooks's home to his temper tantrums over Eliot, Proust, Tate, and many others whom Brooks chose to call "enemies." Brooks, as Mr. Nelson reports in his biography, was capable of hoping that Eliot would "die in agony." I was so frustrated trying to make dear Van Wyck understand that Proust was not "the ash of a burned-out cigar" that even before I reviewed *The Confident Years* 30 or more years ago I was bitterly disappointed in the critic who had meant so much to me from my youth.

My view of Brooks in 1981 is not much different from my review of *The Confident Years*. This unloosed his rage precisely because he knew how much his early career had meant to me, who was in his tradition. The poor man wrote me that I, too, was an "enemy." While Mr. Nelson, as a sort of "official" biographer, is tactful about Brooks's decline, everything I said about it is implicit in the biography itself. And I quote Mr. Nelson repeatedly.

HERESY AND NEO-LIBERALS

To the editors:

Having been declared by the National Conservative Political Action Committee "the most liberal United States Senator in 1980," I feel called on to respond to the review by Robert M. Kaus of Paul Tsongas's new book, *The Road From Here* ("Reaganism With a Human Face," TNR, November 25).

Mr. Kaus has written a long and thoughtful comment, and on that score one is appreciative. But what *of* the comment? It begins, I fear, with the observation that Tsongas is a heretic, and never much rises above this. "In June of 1980, Senator Paul Tsongas delivered his now-famous speech before the Americans for Democratic Action, warning that the liberal movement was in danger. . . ." He goes on, but seemingly the editors of TNR never read any further. The cover reports a review of "The Watery Neo-Liberalism of Senator Tsongas." Inside, unforgivably, the review itself is titled "Reaganism With a Human Face."

I have some experience in this. In 1967, as a member of the National Board, I gave an address to the ADA which involved themes which, if I do not flatter myself, anticipated some of the Tsongas propositions. With respect to the Vietnam War, I suggested it would be useful if liberals tried to make it emphatic that " . . . we do in fact love peace more than we love the Vietcong." On domestic issues, I argued that we could usefully acquire by experience the knowledge seemingly innate to conservatives that things can get worse as easily as they can get better. I was never again asked to speak to a gathering of the ADA.

That is how a political tradition dies: by equating criticism with heresy. Paul Tsongas has written a thoughtful and courageous book. It begins with a knowing passage from Job: "Oh that mine adversary had written a book." It concludes: "Let the debate continue." Why is this so terrible?

We are being out-organized, massively out-spent, and to a degree outthought. Along comes a trained and experienced young political leader, intensely committed to our purposes, and able to get himself elected first to the House of Representatives, then to the United States Senate—only to have TNR brand him insufficiently precious.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan
U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

SCIENTIFIC BIAS

To the editors:

Bravo for Charles Krauthammer's excellent essay on Steven Jay Gould's treatise on intelligence testing ("The Ideology of Intelligence," TNR, November 11). One only hopes that the California courts will read it and reconsider. The way to reach our egalitarian ideal is through the application of remedial education where necessary—and before we can do that, we have to know where to apply it. Heredity may determine my hairline and paunch; my ability to learn and to spell comes from my environment—i.e., living with the source of my heritage.

T. H. Richards
New York, New York

The editors welcome correspondence from TNR's readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address, and telephone number; should be typed double-spaced; and should be held to under 200 words.

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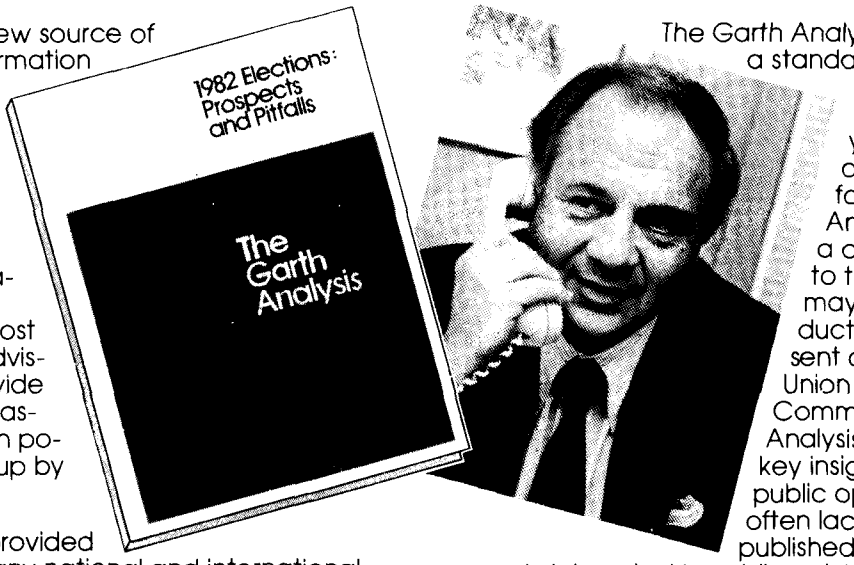

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Reagan's Credibility

President Reagan's budget next month will show whether he can get out of the awful hole he has dug for himself. It may also indicate whether his Administration is going to be a disaster or just a misfortune. One way or another he has got to make concessions. His credibility is running out.

During the campaign he promised to balance the budget, and when he got elected he indicated that it would be done in a few years. Last September he estimated a deficit of $43.1 billion for the current fiscal year 1982, which began October 1, and a balanced budget the year after. But new preliminary estimates were recently published which look to a federal deficit of $109 billion in this fiscal year, a hair-raising deficit of $152 billion in 1983, and $162 billion in 1984. This is the kind of Treasury nightmare figure that David Stockman, the 36-year-old budget director, vainly tried to warn the President against (as told in the revelations in William Greider's article, "The Education of David Stockman," in the *Atlantic*) while he was saying just the opposite to Congress. But Reagan wouldn't listen.

The Reagan Administration is following the usual statistical graph of presidential popularity: election triumph, euphoria, enthusiastic hopes, and then an encounter with the reality of a divided system of government, limited authority, and often stalemate and discouragement. The polls now show Reagan slipping, and the appearance of the recession has raised unemployment to 8.4 percent. (That's the highest level in six years and means that about nine million Americans and their families are out of jobs. At the same time, though most people don't think about it, a million or so illegal aliens are annually coming in over the borders.)

The President is an ingratiating, uncomplicated man who follows a few well-worn conservative beliefs of which the root thesis is that the government is too big. Some of his approaches are overly simplistic. He told a group of editors in October, for example, that the "Russians cannot vastly increase their military productivity because they've already got their people on a starvation diet of sawdust." Sawdust? Just hyperbole, perhaps, but an odd thing to say. He is stubbornly eager and hopeful about the budget. On February 18 he told Congress of one way to save money. Did they know how much "waste and fraud" there is in the federal government? According to one estimate, he told them, "fraud alone may account for anywhere from 1 to 10 percent—as much as $25 billion."

Of course that's a lot of money. He had another hopeful way of balancing the budget, one that others had not undertaken: cut taxes. Yes, when John Anderson repeatedly asked him in the campaign how he was going to spend more for defense, cut taxes, and balance the budget, he explained that under supply-side, Kemp-Roth economics the process of cutting taxes would bring such economic recovery that pretty soon more revenues would be coming in and the budget would be balanced.

He promised the biggest arms buildup in history, 7 percent a year after adjustment for inflation ($1.6 trillion in five years), and cuts in nondefense items. He promised to spare the safety net of Social Security and allied benefits. This accounts for 48 cents of each budget dollar; the sacrosanct Pentagon budget takes another 25 cents, and the interest on federal debt takes 10 cents. That leaves only 17 cents from which Reagan was to make his budget cuts. A lot of that was money hitherto turned over to cities and states, or to federal aid for the poor and lowly.

Reagan and his advisers expected Wall Street to rise like a rocket under the new pro-business and individual tax cuts, but instead the stock and bond markets plummeted. Peter Solomon, a partner in Lehman Brothers, told the *New York Times* on October 25: "The business community was fundamentally against the tax cut. They believed it was inflationary and defied human experience."

The question is whether Reagan can now make concessions and regain control of things. We shall know when we see the new budget next month. Republican moderates in Congress will push him toward a change of fiscal direction. They are up against an election next November and are afraid the Administration has begun to unravel. Certainly it is a bewildering time. It is hard to know, for example, what to make of cross-Atlantic verbal duel between President Reagan and wild man Muammar Qaddafi of Libya. Normally there would be a press conference at which reporters could put direct questions to the President. Reagan has had only 5 formal press conferences in 11 months, however, a figure that goes back to the final unhappy days of Hoover after the stock market crash. With a wave of the hand and a casual word, Reagan told a group of reporters that "we have the evidence, and he knows it" regarding the allegation that Qaddafi has sent an assassination team to America to murder the President and key officials. Qaddafi retorts that the President is "silly" and "ignorant" and a "liar." As reporter Haynes Johnson says, "it sets a new standard for incredibility." Watch the show on your TV and see it in living color.

My own guess is that Reagan will back-track on his budget. Pentagon funds could be pruned; overly generous increases that have been indexed into Social Security benefits to compensate for inflation could be reduced; and there are billions in tax loopholes for upper-income individuals and corporations. Senator Domenici of New Mexico, the Republican chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, cited some loopholes on "Face the Nation" on November 29: the total lost to the Treasury by loopholes, politely called "tax expenditures," is $266 billion, he said. If poor people understood this and had a greater say in Congress, here's where they would attack. We now learn that Stockman vainly asked Reagan to lead the tax crusade here himself. Example of a loophole cited by Dominici: pharmaceutical companies inherited a 1930 gimmick intended to aid the Philippines, and now they get a billion and a half dollars for building in Puerto Rico! Dominici estimated that's the equivalent of $48,000 for each employee. Any administration's most priceless possession is its credibility. We'll know soon if Reagan can react.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

DECEMBER 23, 1981

WAR TALK DOWN SOUTH

It appears that the United States is not going to war with Cuba or Nicaragua, or both, after all. If you were scared by State Department and White House chatter about a naval blockade (and the consequences, perhaps, if a Soviet ship should try to run it), or if you thought that the top officials of this Administration had taken leave of their senses (assuming you thought they had any to begin with) by planning acts of war, you can relax. The word from the Administration this week is that the saber-rattling of last week and the week before—Secretary Haig's hints of military intervention, President Reagan's ruling out of ground combat operations "at this time," Edwin Meese's refusal to rule out the naval option—was just psychological warfare designed to raise the consciousness of other Western Hemisphere nations about Cuban and Nicaraguan misbehavior and to throw a scare into Havana and Managua. The damage that is thereby done to the peace of mind of American citizens, or to the credibility of the Administration itself, is supposed to be just part of the price one pays for global gamesmanship. This is the second time this year the Administration has indulged in such war-game tactics—the last time, Secretary Haig was going to "go to the source"—and then called them off. Now the military chest-thumping needs to stop, or else it will appear pure bluff.

Overall, however, we think that the Administration's strategy in Central America and the Caribbean is basically right and is not appreciated by most Americans. We have been pleasantly surprised by the development of Reagan policy. When the Administration first came into office, it appeared that liberals' worst fears about the conservative Republicans would be borne out—that they would make Hemispheric policy a mere extension of reflexive anti-Sovietism, that they would rely more or less exclusively on military solutions, that they would identify with the region's most brutal reactionaries and would succeed in squandering the credit the U.S. earned during the Carter Administration as a force for democracy and human rights—and that all this would cause sympathy and support to flow toward Cuba and Nicaragua.

This hasn't happened. To be sure, military aid, training, and threats are more important aspects of Mr. Reagan's policy than they were of Jimmy Carter's (though it was Mr. Carter, one should remember, who resumed military aid to El Salvador to counter supplies from Cuba and Nicaragua). It's true that this Administration has stopped publicly criticizing—and has improved relations with—some of the region's most notorious human rights malefactors. But it is also true that the Reagan policy is not exclusively military. There has been a political component to it, an economic component, a propaganda component, and even a human rights component. And the Administration's policies are showing progress. With strong U.S. encouragement, Honduras has just held elections and switched from military to civilian rule. The U.S. is pushing elections, too, in Guatemala and El Salvador, and although those countries are not about to become perfect democracies any time soon—Guatemala, in particular, remains a human rights horror—the fact that elections are scheduled at all distinguishes them from Cuba and Nicaragua, where supposedly popular regimes do not even make a pretense of submitting themselves to the judgment of the people.

Left-wing opinion in the U.S., Europe, and elsewhere scorns the idea of elections in El Salvador, but it is a mistake to suppose that the whole of Latin

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America—fascist dictators excepted, of course—shares that scorn and supports the French-Mexican call for a negotiated settlement between the Salvadoran government and the left-wing opposition. In fact, the French-Mexican initiative has been roundly condemmned by most of Latin America's democracies. On December 7, in a step that went practically unreported in the U.S. press, 22 of the 29 nations in the Organization of American States backed a resolution supporting Salvadoran President José Napoleón Duarte's election plan. Those opposed were Nicaragua, Grenada, and Mexico.

ON DECEMBER 4, at the OAS meeting on the island of St. Lucia, Secretary Haig delivered an encouraging speech on U.S. aims in Latin America. It was, in a way, a counterpart to President Reagan's nuclear policy speech of November 18—a clear statement of U.S. ideals, an abandonment of bellicosity, and an appeal for cooperation among U.S. allies. Mr. Haig called on the OAS to reaffirm and promote democracy and declared that "the United States opposes human rights abuses regardless of the source. Our judgment of events must be fair and we must not allow ourselves a double standard. We should not be more tolerant of the infractions of those who reject democratic values and peaceful change, yet more critical of the lapses of those searching for democracy and social justice. Clearly a nation cannot be liberated when its people are deprived of liberty. A civilization cannot be creative when its poets and philosophers are in jail or in exile. A state cannot be free when its independence is subordinated to a foreign power. And a government cannot be democratic if it refuses to submit to the test of a free election." Mr. Haig's remarks clearly were honed to cut most strongly against Marxist-Leninist regimes, but they also cut against right-wing dictatorships. And they provide a standard against which to judge U.S. activities. To be true to Mr. Haig's words, the Administration should be active in securing the release of jailed intellectuals—which it has so far almost wholly failed to do—and should avoid imposing its will on independent countries which do not pose a threat to their neighbors.

Mr. Haig also reaffirmed that the U.S. soon will take steps to deal with the economic crisis afflicting much of the Caribbean region through an initiative that includes a one-way free trade zone whereby almost all Caribbean products would enter the U.S. without duty, special incentives for U.S. investment in Caribbean countries, and an increase in U.S. economic assistance by some $200 million next year. The full "Caribbean Basin Initiative" is to be unveiled in January and will require congressional approval, which may not be easy to obtain in the midst of a recession. The Administration can't duplicate the Marshall Plan or the Alliance for Progress, but its initiative does deserve support.

The main Haig message in St. Lucia, of course, was a renewed verbal assault on Cuba and Nicaragua—but with the difference that instead of again threatening unilateral U.S. action, the U.S. this time was calling for collective attention—and possible collective action—to uphold the principle of nonintervention in the Hemisphere.

"We must all face up to the fact," Mr. Haig declared, "that the principle of nonintervention is being violated today." He said that "since 1978, Cuba, with the support of the Soviet Union, has embarked on a systematic campaign of increasing interference against its neighbors," uniting feuding anti-government guerrilla groups, training revolutionaries, supplying weapons, and providing political support.

The Sandinista regime in Nicaragua, Mr. Haig pointed out, now has an army three times the size of that maintained by the Somoza dictatorship it replaced. It is on its way to establishing the largest force in Central American history, with assistance from 1,500 Cuban advisers. Nicaragua has tanks and other heavy equipment never before deployed in Central America, and apparently is getting ready to acquire modern jet fighter planes.

IN THE post-Watergate, post-Vietnam atmosphere still prevailing in the U.S., there is a tendency on the part of the press, Congress, and the people to demand courtroom-quality proof of official assertions such as Mr. Haig's. The Administration's white paper on Communist assistance to the Salvadoran insurgents is widely regarded as a fraud because it failed to prove that all the weapons requested from the Soviet Union, Vietnam, Ethiopia, and other countries actually made it to El Salvador and were trans-shipped, as charged, through Cuba and Nicaragua. The Administration did overstate its case about the centrality of outside influence in El Salvador (as though there would be no insurgency except for Cuban interventionism), but the fact remains that insurgent leaders did go to Communist countries for arms, and arms—including some heavy arms—did duly show up.

The Administration is coming out with a new bill of particulars in January, this one to bolster charges of Cuban subversion in the Hemisphere. Obviously the document shouldn't be accepted uncritically, but it should be read with certain facts in mind which have nothing to do with Reagan Administration ideology. For example, last March the government of Colombia (a democracy) rounded up more than 100 would-be insurgents who said they had been trained in Cuba and returned for the purpose of organizing a "people's army." Some members of the band turned out to be participants in the February 1980 armed takeover of the Dominican embassy in Bogata by the M-19 guerrilla movement. As part of the hostage-release settlement, the M-19 group was flown to Cuba via Panama. In an interview with the German magazine *Der Spiegel*,

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Cuban Vice President Carlo Rafael Rodriguez admitted that his country had trained the Colombians. On March 23, Colombia suspended diplomatic relations with Cuba—another story that failed to make it into prominent positions in U.S. newspapers.

Last month, Jamaica broke diplomatic relations with Cuba after evidence was developed that Jamaicans sent to Cuba for training in construction skills were given military and ideological training, apparently so that they would return home as insurgents. In all, six Latin democracies have either broken or downgraded diplomatic relations with Cuba in the past two years.

There is increasing concern in the Hemishere, too, about Nicaragua, but it has not reached anything like the sense of outrage and danger that is building over Cuba. The Reagan Administration should not create sympathy for the Sandinistas, therefore, by making war threats. Nicaragua is not a Marxist-Leninist country yet, even though it has thrown four business leaders in jail and has repeatedly closed down the independent newspaper *La Prensa* (which is something even Anastasio Somoza never did). It is not a Soviet or Cuban satellite yet either, even though Communist bloc countries are gaining increasing influence and even though Nicaragua increasingly votes with the Soviets in international forums. The United States should do everything possible to prevent Nicaragua from going over the brink that its leaders are driving it toward, including continuing economic aid to sustain the independent private sector. Most important, the United States should do nothing that would leave it liable to charges of having pushed Nicaragua into the arms of the Cubans and Soviets. If the Sandinistas choose to snuff out liberty in their country, the responsibility ought to be entirely on their heads. They should not be able to claim that threats of invasion, blockade, or economic destabilization from the United States forced them to build a massive army or deny freedom to their population.

It is important that the Administration stop talking about acts of war against either Cuba or Nicaragua. Talking and failing to act sap U.S. credibility both in the Hemisphere and at home. Right now, the Administration's credibility is most in need of repair at home. The Reaganites need to spread the word about actions such as Jamaica's and Colombia's in breaking relations with Cuba. They should also tell what they know about the activities and political programs of guerrilla groups in El Salvador and Guatemala. In the United States it is beginning to sink in that Nicaragua gained little in the trade between Somoza and the Sandinistas, but it is still widely believed here that *any* regime would be preferable to the present ones in Salvador and Guatemala. The Administration has to make it plain, at home and in the Hemisphere, that it is working urgently to create alternatives to domination by the brutal right and brutal left.

Energy Casualities

On December 7, half a mile underground in Topmost, Kentucky, eight men died in a coal mine explosion. The next day, in Palmer, Tennessee, 13 miners died in another disaster. Since men have been dying at the bottom of coal mines for centuries, not much was made of it. Press accounts ran in the back pages and made it into either a human interest story (weeping widows and newly orphaned children) or a case of tracking down the "cause" (was someone trying to cut corners and save money?). But there is a larger "cause" so obvious that no one talks about it: highly mechanized, technologically advanced societies need energy, and producing energy is dirty and dangerous. But dirty and dangerous for whom? When we send men into coal mines we know that some are not going to return. We know that oil has its costs, too. Taking it out of the ocean floor leads to rare but inevitable oil rig disasters which can kill dozens of workers at a time. And transporting oil across oceans from foreign deserts leads to occasional tanker spills which cause ecological calamities, like the devastation of the Brittany coast by the Amoco Cadiz. That spill also destroyed the livelihood of hundreds of fishermen.

These accidents happen far away. They happen to Breton fishermen, Korean stevedores, and Appalachian coal miners. That is one reason why the death of 21 young men in Kentucky and Tennessee will not produce street protests demanding that something be done about deep coal mining. The young, college-educated city dwellers who do take to the streets on energy matters don't often think of the men who die to put oil in their tanks or coal in their city's power plant. Their major concern is protecting nature from strip mines and themselves from nuclear power. Now it is true that even well-regulated strip mining can produce irreversible ecological changes, because after the land is restored it may never regain its original vegetation. It is also true that nuclear power may produce a disaster, although extensive study of the worst disaster to date, Three Mile Island, showed that the only health damage of any significance was psychological: fear of a hazard which turned out to be nonexistent. Strip mining produces eyesores, but it doesn't bury anyone alive, and it doesn't produce the kind of underground coal fire that sent toxic fumes into the homes of Centralia, Pennsylvania, for a decade. And the Three Mile Islands of this world locate the power source—with all of its dangers—among the people who use it. Most of us would like to farm out dangers to others. The trouble with nuclear power is that it makes people face the fact that if they want to play asteroids on their Atari, someone has to pay—in risk. Nuclear power brings home the energy war, and most people like their wars to be fought overseas—or in Appalachia.

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Sectarian Subsidy

On the likely presumption that he deserves at least as much glory as any flatulent foreigner, Jerry Falwell has prepared 95 theses for the 1980s. Here's one that appears under the heading, "Concerning America":

> That all . . . unproductive governmental financial programs be terminated, harmful programs which in themselves perpetuate poverty and laziness.

Here's another, "Concerning the Separation of Church and State":

> That no church or private religious school be underwritten by the government.

The new right has often been condemned for sacrificing the secular agenda for the religious one, but the accusation isn't borne out by the facts. The Moral Majority campaigns vigorously on behalf of both federalism and a balanced budget, and has declared itself the sworn enemy of "socialistic laws or red tape" (theses 20, 22, 23, and 16). The otherwise God-fearing government spendthrift is condemned to the same hell that homosexuals and abortionists occupy in the Moral Majority universe. Except when he's handing out postal subsidies.

After years of pleading, the Moral Majority became eligible last spring for a third-class, nonprofit postal subsidy of roughly six cents per letter. By the end of 1981, the Moral Majority will have mailed somewhere in the neighborhood of ten million letters. That amounts to an annual subsidy of roughly $600,000. How is the Moral Majority going to spend this windfall? A big chunk of it will finance a lawsuit against the U.S. Postal Service; the Moral Majority thinks its third-class, nonprofit permit ought to be retroactive. To put it bluntly, Jerry Falwell is betting one federal subsidy that he will be able to get a bigger one. At the same time, he is preaching against "unproductive financial programs" like welfare (thesis 18), and reaffirming "that the U.S. Constitution explicitly declares the separation of church and state" (thesis 67).

Is this a paradox? On the face of it, a federally subsidized church organization denounces federal subsidies for church organizations. But things are rarely as they seem. The Moral Majority, you see, isn't really a church organization. Not according to the Moral Majority.

To qualify for a third-class, nonprofit postage subsidy, a group has to fit under one of nine headings: religious, scientific, educational, philanthropic, agricultural, labor, veterans, fraternal, or political. The last category—to which the Moral Majority unquestionably belongs—is restricted to major national or state political committees, Senate and congressional campaign committees, and a few other similarly official organizations. Political action committees and campaign committees for particular candidates are excluded. So are groups like the Moral Majority and its nemesis, Norman Lear's People for the American Way.

In August 1979 the Moral Majority applied to the Richmond, Virginia, Post Office for a third-class, nonprofit postal permit under the heading, "educational." The application was denied, both locally and on appeal in Washington. Only after this initial stab at self-definition had failed did the Moral Majority redefine itself as a church organization—or, to be precise, an educational/philanthropic/religious group. The Moral Majority won its subsidy on a second appeal in Washington.

So, you see, the Moral Majority would prefer *not* to think of itself as a religious organization, which it clearly isn't. (Compare the number of times a Moral Majority mailing uses the word "God" to the number of times it employs the phrase, "legislative agenda.") But neither is it an educational organization. It is political, and, under the postal rules, unqualified for a subsidy under that heading. We may quibble about the fairness of that restriction, but it's easy to get around. That's the real problem: the nine categories under which an organization may qualify for a third-class, nonprofit subsidy are much too slippery to keep out the undeserving. Better to do away with the subsidy altogether, and limit federal giving to the tax exemption bestowed upon these groups by the Internal Revenue Service. Why, after all, should the Moral Majority (or, for that matter, People for the American Way) be subsidized when it sends a letter to a member of Congress, while a constituent who sends a letter pays the full rate?

Meanwhile, the Moral Majority should be stripped of its subsidy on the grounds that its main function is neither religious nor educational nor philanthropic, but political. There's a precedent for this: the National Rifle Association lost its permit in the mid-1970s on the grounds that it was no longer educational, but primarily a "sportsman's group." Were the postmaster general to read the Reverend Falwell's 95 theses for the 1980s, he'd get a whiff of the Moral Majority's earthbound politicking and make Jerry Falwell practice what he preaches.

Notebook

□ IN OTHER COUNTRIES, less professional than ours, it helps to pamper a favorite prince in the course of transacting business with the reigning powers. Most un-American. Actually, such things do happen here, though of course more quietly. Richard Allen's tacky trail recently has led to Peter D. Hannaford, who appears to be a particularly pampered prince of this Administration. He's close to the White House inner

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circle, worked for Mr. Reagan in California, wrote his acceptance speech for the Republican convention, was Michael Deaver's associate, has bought Mr. Allen's consulting outfit, is writing the President's authorized biography. In fact, he's so close, one might well ask why he's not employed, like his friends. There is a simple explanation. In our regime, favored princes have to stay outside the palace if they really want to be pampered. (The government doesn't allow gifts or money, however graciously given.) So, rather than officially enter the Administration, Mr. Hannaford has done better: the once small public relations firm he shared with Mr. Deaver out West is now his own, with an office in Washington, where it has flourished phenomenally. Many businesses, both domestic and foreign, are suddenly calling on Mr. Hannaford in the course of conducting their affairs with the government. Patronizing him doesn't guarantee success for their enterprises, of course, but it helps. There's doubtless nothing illicit in all this. But there is something greedy about Mr. Hannaford's lucrative intermediary role, and something faintly sleazy about businesses' indirect approach. However, President Reagan has a chance to clear the air. Faced with a new post to fill—a directorship of the Overseas Private Investment Corporation—the President ill-advisedly has picked Maurice ("Give me back my good name") Stans, Mr. Nixon's Secretary of Commerce, who succumbed to some sleaziness in fundraising affairs after he left his post to be CREEP finance chairman. Surely this is not an appointment to be squandered on polishing up Mr. Stans's name. Why not seize the moment instead to save Peter Hannaford's name before it's seriously sullied? Why not appoint him to the official post, and make a more straightforward, honest man of him—for the time being at least?

☐ THAT "SENIOR STATE DEPARTMENT official" who is forever briefing reporters traveling on Secretary of State Haig's plane has come up with another candidate for the 1984 edition of *Fowler's*. By way of offering reassurances that the United States doesn't want to play a unilateral military role in Latin America, the "senior official," according to Bernard Gwertzman in the *New York Times*, caveated: "I think if we 'heavy-hand' our position there, it is wrong." He really did say that. We kid glove you not.

☐ FIFTY YEARS AGO: "By this time Secretary Mellon's old contention that high rates on large incomes hamper prosperity has been completely exploded. With higher rates than those of 1924, we were prosperous in 1918, 1919 and 1920, as well as in 1923. Tax yields would unquestionably have been larger than they were between 1924 and 1929 if rates had not been reduced. After reduction we have suffered the worst depression in history." ("The Rich Man's Budget," TNR, December 23, 1931.)

ON THE HILL

NUCLEAR UNSAFEGUARDS

NOT MANY would care to quarrel with Senator Charles Percy, the Republican chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, when he says that the spread of nuclear weapons is the "most important problem we face." Yet when his committee held public hearings on the subject last week, the response was dismal. Only 4 of the 17 senators on the committee turned up; the hearing was not reported at all in the *New York Times*, and the *Washington Post* carried a wire service version buried at the bottom of page 17.

Such apparent lack of concern is but one symptom of a disconcerting reluctance, especially on the part of the Republican-controlled Senate and the Reagan Administration, to take more than a weak-hearted interest in the problem. Only two Democratic Senators, John Glenn of Ohio and Alan Cranston of California, have been actively pursuing an oversight of the nonproliferation effort. A third, Gary Hart of Colorado, is semiactive, and Joe Biden of Delaware is supportive. That's about it. Percy himself reacts to their concern, and attempts to protect the Administration against quite justified charges that its nonproliferation rhetoric—"We are concerned and we are doing all we can"—is empty nonsense.

Indeed, the gap between the rhetoric and the reality is about as wide as it could be. Under Reagan, America's efforts to halt the spread of nuclear weapons have been steadily eroded. The Senate has voted to give aid to Pakistan by waiving a law prohibiting assistance to a country trying to make nuclear weapons (something Pakistan, most experts agree, is doing). The Administration has been unwilling to use diplomatic leverage against France for supplying nuclear fuel rods to South Africa (a country that refuses to accept international safeguards on its nuclear facilities); has agreed to supply Australia with classified uranium enrichment technology; has allowed Japan to reprocess (extract plutonium from) U.S.-supplied nuclear fuel; and, it seems, may soon permit India to do the same, despite India's refusal to accept full safeguards.

In the face of this willy-nilly spread of nuclear materials around the world, Percy's committee took a long overdue step in deciding to hold the first-ever hearings on the centerpiece of nonproliferation—the system of international safeguards imposed by nuclear supplier nations on states that want to have nuclear programs. In the event, the background to the hearings became as noteworthy as the hearings themselves. They had been prompted by an unusual stirring of dissent in the ranks of the nuclear establishment.

Last March a former International Atomic Energy Agency safeguards inspector, Emanuel Morgan,

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caused a flurry at the Nuclear Regulatory Commission with a report stating boldly that the Vienna-based IAEA is "incapable of detecting the diversion of a significant quantity" of nuclear fuel "in any state with a moderate to large nuclear energy establishment." In keeping with a well-established practice of institutional self-interest, the Morgan report was stamped "Classified," but word of its existence spread to Capitol Hill. In June the Israelis bombed the Iraqi reactor and in subsequent congressional hearings another IAEA inspector told of more failings of the safeguards system. In sum, these in-house voices declared the system unable to provide sufficient notice of a country's diversion of bomb-grade material to give other IAEA member nations a chance to use diplomatic leverage to stop the production of an actual weapon.

To the experts these "revelations" were nothing new. The nuclear establishment had known about the shortcomings of safeguards for years; it had just not been in their interest to tell anyone. Neither the nuclear industry (which sought the spreading of nuclear power) nor the governments of the supplier nations (which wanted their countries to have a slice of this new, exciting, and promising export trade) were willing to admit that in selling nuclear plants to less developed nations they might actually be selling bombs. The cover was safeguards. But over the years the negotiators of the safeguards system never managed to tie the development and deployment of safeguards to the development and deployment of nuclear power. The negotiators thought they had only to ensure a "continuity of knowledge" about the workings of a nation's nuclear plants, and they were content to allow the key question—how many inspections would provide such knowledge—to be decided on an ad hoc basis.

As the number of power plants under safeguards grew, so did the problems of the IAEA inspectors. There were simply not enough inspectors to do the job. Bomb-grade material in the form of highly enriched uranium was being supplied in increasing quantities (by France to Iraq, for example) and the "plutonium economy" was just around the corner. The coming of the breeder reactor, the one that makes more plutonium than it uses, would mean hundreds of tons of bomb-grade plutonium on the commercial market. If some crazy dictator didn't make a bomb out of it, surely a terrorist would.

The nuclear community still managed to fool Congress into believing that somehow the safeguards system would work, but Congress had a history of being bewitched by the magic of the atom. In the wake of the propaganda triumph of Eisenhower's Atoms for Peace Program, Congress had agreed to rewrite the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, omitting a key paragraph, Section 10a(1). It said, ". . . until Congress declares by joint resolution that effective and enforceable international safeguards against the use of atomic energy for destructive purposes have been established, there shall

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be no exchange of information with other nations with respect to the use of atomic energy for industrial purposes. . . ." Nobody bothered to examine whether safeguards were effective.

We now know, from the persistent digging of Glenn, Cranston, and others that the IAEA's failings are even greater than some of the nuclear community insiders on the Hill believed. For example, when the IAEA negotiates a safeguards agreement with a particular country, it lists the type of surveillance equipment and the number of inspections required to ensure that no bomb-grade material is diverted during the reactor process. But in some cases the agency has negotiated these agreements knowing that the equipment will not do the job. Also, because of the increasing work load, some reactors, subject to safeguards, were not inspected at all last year. As Senator Hart told the Percy committee, "The IAEA safeguards are little more than a facade."

FORMER INSPECTOR Emanuel Morgan told the committee bluntly, ". . . the fundamental objective of IAEA safeguards, to detect diversion of sensitive nuclear materials, cannot presently be met and will not be met in the foreseeable future. There is clear evidence of the fact that safeguards are not being met in the IAEA's *Safeguards Implementation Reports*, published annually for the years 1976-1980. These reports identify numerous gaps in the safeguards system, but inexplicably conclude that there has been no diversion of sensitive materials. It appears to me that most U.S. officials are not aware of the degree of inadequacy of IAEA safeguards." It was difficult for the nuclear community to dismiss Morgan as a disaffected employee: the NRC itself had endorsed his findings by announcing a few days before the hearing that it could no longer be "confident" that member nations of the IAEA "would be notified of a diversion in a timely fashion."

In the Administration's behalf, Under Secretary of State Richard Kennedy sought to curb criticism of the IAEA by saying that it was "generally" doing a good job, and that the job could be improved with more staff and a bigger budget. He omitted to tell the committee that the U.S. contribution to the agency has in fact been cut from $5.5 million to $4 million.

Two key witnesses, Victor Gilinsky, an NRC commissioner, and Paul Leventhal, a former Senate staffer and veteran campaigner for a stronger nonproliferation effort, argued that the first step to a better safeguards system is for the IAEA to open up its books. Leventhal, now president of the Nuclear Club, a nonprofit group opposed to the further spread of nuclear weapons, said: "Only in laying bare the technical and political limits of IAEA safeguards is there any hope to steer commercial nuclear enterprise away from technological paths that are unsafeguardable and, therefore, too inherently dangerous to be pursued for peaceful purposes." He was referring to the commercial use of highly enriched uranium and plutonium. In response, Kennedy warned of the fragile nature of the IAEA safeguard inspections, which involve a unique compromise of sovereign rights by many nations, and no one would disagree with him. But now that IAEA insiders are prepared to come clean about the failings of the system, critics like Leventhal are arguing that to save it from self-destructing, these failings must be aired and corrected.

The question is whether the Percy committee can summon a greater sense of urgency and concern. At the recent hearings the committee never came close to asking the right questions. This was partly bad luck: Senator Glenn, who said he had a host of questions for Kennedy, never had a chance to ask them because he was called away to vote. With the lack of leadership in the White House it may yet take another nuclear explosion—from, say, Pakistan—before members of Congress will sit up and take notice.

PETER PRINGLE

Peter Pringle is Washington correspondent for the London *Observer* and co-author, with James Spigelman, of *The Nuclear Barons* (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston).

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY

CHRISTMAS BONUSES

'TIS THE SEASON to be profitable. Not-for-profit Salvation Army Santas aside, most jolly St. Nicks work for department stores, where they are to be found inculcating selfish, acquisitive materialism in wee ones' breasts so that the sticky-fingered beasts will nag and badger their parents into producing sales and more sales.

If you want to gamble on Christmas, you might look at Mattel, the manufacturer of America's two most famous consenting adults, Barbie and Ken. The company has George Plimpton on TV plucking the sleeves of passers-by and getting them to buy Intellivision, which they are doing in fabulous numbers. In fact, the factory can't produce the games fast enough, so all

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depends on whether enough can be cranked out before the hour when Rudolph throws the switch on his nose and starts his annual Christmas bomb-run across America. The stock has been selling around $8 a share, a far cry from the $52 it went for back in 1971.

The trouble with Mattel and some other toy manufacturers is that they aren't all pure play. Mattel is a small-time conglomerate, so although the toy division is cleaning up with its hip TV game, the ice show and the publishing company are draining the profits.

Grown-ups like presents, too, which brings us to the department-store industry. You would think that with times going bad this would be an investment area to stay clear of, but you are wrong—or so sayeth your Fool. In recession periods retailers do less badly than people in other lines of business. This is because many of them merchandise items like food and clothing, which people must have. Not that retail sales have been dazzling of late, but they've been better than real estate or heavy machinery. The feeling is that this isn't going to be a jackpot Christmas, although the same predictions have been made the past several years. In fact, last year turned into an excellent Christmas, and, for this industry, Santa not only brings the toys but the bulk of the bottom-line yummies, too.

After Christmas, retailing held up pretty well and so did retail stocks. They haven't been kicked, smashed, and battered the way others have, although even now

Nick's Picks . . . Bart's Charts

The winter chill may be upon us, bringing with it this year a worsening recession and growing unemployment, but for the TNR Fool Fund the last month has been red hot. Last month our hypothetical portfolio had sunk to its lowest level ever, down more than 7 percent. Since then, not only have we recovered $100,000, to put us back in the black, but for the first time in a year we are outperforming the Dow Jones industrial average.

Although our 5.2 percent gain is barely one-third the rate of inflation, as measured by the Consumer Price Index over the same period, and only a few of our investments are worth more than we paid for them, all but one of our holdings were up this month. This enables us to increase our net worth almost 14 percent from last time, bringing us within striking distance of the inflation rate for next month's TNR Fool Fund finale. Another month like October would put us ahead about 17 percent overall which, given last time's depths, would be a great moral victory—and a respectable gain, too.

The key to our success this month was Lexicon, which increased in value over 75 percent. We bought it three months ago for $1 a share. Like most of our holdings, it immediately declined, but this month it bounced back to $1½ a share—a satisfying gain when multiplied by our hypothetical 99,000 shares. The value of our other investments, with one exception, also went up, averaging a 9 percent gain, compared to a Dow's increase last time of just under 7 percent.

As the stock market started rising and the recession tightened its grip on the economy, interest rates finally started dropping. Dreyfus Liquid Assets, our money market fund, earned an average 14.7 percent interest over the period and was down to only 13.9 percent in the last week, its lowest return in a year. It is distressing that in our current economic reality 14 percent interest should seem low. Of course, double-digit inflation (over the 76 weeks we've been charting, the annual rate of inflation has averaged 10.1 percent) was also unthinkable a few years ago.

With only one month to go in this exercise, we're going to be cautious and sell Lexicon. We'll deposit the net proceeds of $140,890 into Dreyfus Liquid Assets. Combined with the dividends and interest we have collected this month, we have $284,480 to work with. Our final "pick" is going to be Playboy. At $9 a share we can buy 11,000 hypothetical shares for $99,000, with an additional $990 (one percent) going to our broker.

In next month's final column, we will review what has happened in the last year and a half, and see why our $1 million didn't double, as we brashly hoped it would when we began the exercise. In the meantime, after 76 weeks, our portfolio looks like this:

	October 26	December 7
93 Beatrice Foods bonds	$ 64,635	$ 72,656
140 Resorts International bonds	78,050	86,800
11,250 shares MONY Mortgage	68,906	78,750
11,778 shares Templeton Growth Fund	82,328	89,513
2,250 shares Gulf Oil	77,625	84,656
7,400 shares Kinder-Care	81,400	93,425
2,800 shares Harte-Hanks	97,300	94,500
2,100 shares Southwest Airlines	56,963	61,425
99,000 shares Lexicon	80,438	
13,000 shares Campbell Red Lake	99,125	107,250
11,000 shares Playboy		99,000
Dreyfus Liquid Assets	140,250	184,490
TOTAL	$927,020	**$1,052,465**

The score so far (since June 20, 1980):

Consumer Price Index (estimated)	+14.8 percent
Dow Jones Industrial Average	+1.5 percent
TNR's Fool Fund	+5.2 percent

Bart Rubenstein

Bart Rubenstein is general manager of *Channels* magazine.

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they are selling cheaply, as measured by various arcane investment criteria. If it looks like a bad Christmas (you can tell because the stores will be dumping inventory with pre-Santa sales), the stock prices may tumble and you can put a nice little investment under your tree.

The first rule for buying shares in a retail company is to visit one of its stores. Last year I had occasion to do a little shopping in Marshall Field's main Chicago store. Field's has been expanding in the Pacific Northwest and Texas—both rich ground for retailers—and it has been paying an eight percent dividend, but my experience in the mother store soured me. I ran into several indifferent, rude, and incompetent salespersons. The store was out of a number of different sizes and variety was limited and slanted toward the slim-hipped, flat-wallet, disco types. It appears to be a company with real management problems.

Another one to stay away from, regardless of dividends, is Sears. This is a corporation that no longer seems to know who it is, whom it is selling to, what it should be selling, or even what business it's in. Is it still mainly in retailing, or is it using merchandise retailing as a springboard to sell insurance, money market funds, and stocks and bonds? Its tools and its appliances are still the backbone of its retail business, but it is beginning to act as though corporate headquarters thinks it is too high class to sell monkey wrenches to farmers. Stores must stand for something. Bloomingdale's does, and therefore its owners, Federated Department Stores, are a good candidate for investment, particularly if you have a little patience and tell your broker not to buy until the stock drops into the high 20s, which would be a hell of a bargain. Federated has got some problem stores, such as the Gold Circle discount chain, but it also has Bullock's in Los Angeles and Rich's in Atlanta, and a management team that knows how to sell everything from slippers to salad bowls.

THEY AREN'T the only ones. Preppy has cycled back into style and no one can do preppy like Brooks Brothers, shares of which are to be had by investing in Allied Stores, selling quite reasonably at around $25. Allied also owns places like Jordan Marsh, the dominant upscale New England merchandiser, and Bonwit Teller. The smart guys on Wall Street are partial to outfits like Allied that sell to rich people because, they figure, while you may lose your job or have your salary cut, rich people always manage to have money, even if it is raining recessions or depressions.

For a stocking treat, your Fool will give you Washington's Woodward & Lothrop or Philadelphia's Strawbridge & Clothier, worthwhile in and of themselves. But there is another reason to pop for a few shares. There have been mumbles lately that they are takeover candidates. Someone may come along soon to buy them, thereby driving up the numbers on your bottom line higher than Donner and Blitzen are going to carry the jolly old fellow in the red felt costume.

It is worth repeating, however, that you should wait until a definite buying pattern has established itself. Department store stocks are not going to go up, but they may well come down when sales are bad. The chances of that happening this yuletide are much better than last. That buy-today-for-tomorrow-your-dollar-will-be-worthless psychology is petering out. More people are coming to suspect that inflation is abating and it is safe to save money again. Note how homeowners have stopped their tasteless crowing about how much more their house is worth than it was when they bought it. That $100,000-ranch type is now worth $90,000 or less, as are a lot of other once surefire collectibles. Diamonds are only a girl's best friend if she is a stereotypic dumb blonde.

PEOPLE ARE also confused, which make them cautious about spending. For the longest time they were told that things would get better if inflation went down. No sooner did that happen than interest rates went up, and then they were told those would have to come down, too, before the good times returned. Now the unemployment rates are going up and people know what that can lead to—an out-and-out, old-fashioned money shortage. All of this may add up to a lump of coal in the stocking, but small lumps, not enough to make coal company stocks interesting just yet.

FOOL'S GOLD: If you still own those 300 shares of RCA that Aunt Tillie left you, honor her memory by selling them—fast. This is a company that can't do anything right except pay O. J. Simpson good money to run, skip, fly, and jump through airports on behalf of their increasingly noncompetitive Hertz subsidiary. RCA's videodisc player is a Christmas turkey.

For the greedy and venturesome, the A. H. Belo Corporation, owners of the *Dallas Morning News*, is worth a look-see. Belo has three TV stations and two radio stations. It has virtually no debt and it is going public, meaning that it has been owned by a group of families that did not permit its stock to be sold outside its circle. The *News* leads its afternoon rival in circulation. The competition is intense; the p.m. paper is owned by the *Los Angeles Times* conglomerate whose management talent must be spread thin, what with a similar struggle taking place in Denver, Colorado, and also in Con-

COMING

William Quirk on the Tax Benefit Sale.

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necticut, where the corporation also owns properties.

In Chicago, you and Christie Hefner will spend the holidays watching the frost form on the cotton-tailed bunnies. Playboy is limping along at about even. Its hotels are bleeding red ink, and after having the licenses to its English gambling casinos attacked, it has been forced to sell its only truly profitable properties at a punishing discount. The latest is that New Jersey officials may prevent Playboy from opening in Atlantic City as a result of the infractions against British gaming laws. At the moment the company has a good chunk of cash, but no good business ideas. In recent days the stock has been selling for as low as $6.50 a share. Congratulate yourself—you aren't one of the sagacious investors who bought it at $32. But there is hope in the executive suite at the Michigan Avenue rabbit hutch headquarters. The Hefners are trying to swing a deal with Klaus International, a North Pole retailer, to abandon old-fashioned ranger delivery methods in favor of a lease-back arrangement for a team of svelte 1982 model bunnies. The lead rodents in the hitch are named Donna and Blitzie.

Recessions and Christmas-time both tend to make families huddle together, and that means a second look at the Golden Arches. McDonald's, more than any of the other fast-fooders, has been struggling to keep prices down, a task made easier by low beef prices and by the development of a cheap pork item. It will probably be called something like McRib. The company continues to make a big pitch toward kids and family, not only through its public relations and advertising, but by putting in "McDonaldland Parks" for the non-adult set and testing out gimmicks like miniature golf courses to go along with the hamburgers. In slump periods, getting food and entertainment for the price of food is a bargain, and, though the whole topic may make the good people at the Rodale Press retch, this is an age when scads of people no longer know how to cook. So it is the Golden Arches or starve. This is a stock that has been bouncing around from the low 40s a share to the low 70s. Wait and don't pay much more than $60 for it.

NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

Li'l David was small, but oh my.

THE FACES OF STOCKMAN

BY BRUCE MAZLISH

"REAGAN GOAL: DISPEL DOUBT." That was the front-page headline over a *New York Times* analysis by Hedrick Smith on November 11. The Reagan people, wrote Smith, regarded a show of confidence and unity as essential to the maintenance of the Administration's political momentum. It didn't take long for that momentum to stall. The next morning, another *New York Times* front-page story, by Steven R. Weisman, headlined "Stockman's Views Touch Off Furor," detailed how, over a 10-month period and in 18 interviews, David Stockman had exposed his doubts and his loss of faith in the Reagan economic program to William Greider, assistant managing editor for national news of the *Washington Post*. Greider's now famous article, "The Education of David Stockman," was announced quietly on the cover of the December issue of the *Atlantic*, almost as if (in spite of its extra press run) the magazine was not quite conscious of the political dynamite contained in its pages.

Was Stockman aware, consciously or unconsciously, of the stir his ruminations would provoke? "The whole thing is premised on faith," Stockman had said of Reaganomics to Greider. The world works, he went on, in terms of perceptions and expectations. Yet with this one article he seemed to have done more to knock away the props of faith in the Reagan program than the huffing and puffing of all the Democratic critics combined. Having realized that supply-side economics was a "Trojan horse" in which trickle-down policies were being concealed, he appears to have brought a Trojan horse of his own inside the walls of the Reagan Camp.

In its implications, the mode of Stockman's apostasy evokes that of Daniel Ellsberg, turning against the Johnson Administration and mortally wounding it by the publication of the Pentagon Papers, and that of

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Bruce Mazlish, who based this article on reading and on interviews with people who have been close to David Stockman, is the author of *In Search of Nixon: A Psychohistorical Study* (Basic) and *Jimmy Carter: An Interpretative History* (Simon and Schuster). He is professor of history at MIT.

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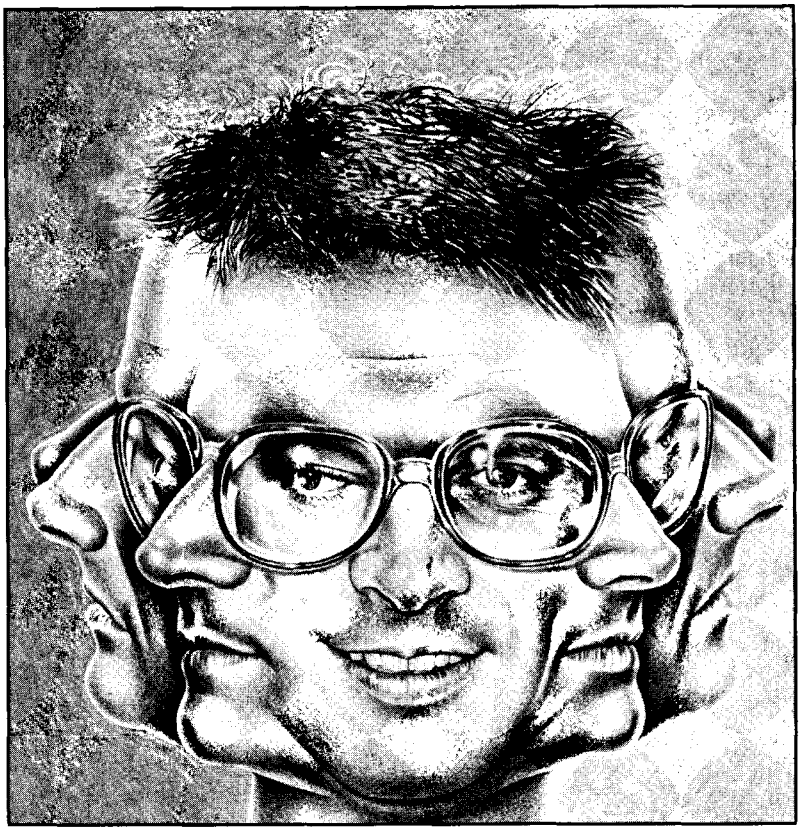
Richard Nixon, taping the words that would bring down his own Administration. Like these, Greider's narrative is now a piece of history. It is destined to appear in future anthologies of politics, for it raises fundamental issues of faith, loyalty, betrayal, morality, and personality. Although the Stockman affair has retreated to the back pages since President Reagan chastened Stockman and decided to keep him on as director of the Office of Management and Budget, the episode will likely be seen in retrospect as a turning point for the Administration. The architect of Reagan's fiscal revolution had turned against his own creation.

How can we best understand what Stockman did? What were his motives? Stockman's own answer is that he was guilty of "poor judgment and loose talk," of "careless rambling to a reporter," of "an indiscreet quotation or expression or metaphor." He makes no effort to postulate a sinister force in back of the taping, or to shift the blame to others. Stockman argued mildly that there had been a "misunderstanding," that he had thought he would not be quoted directly in the *Atlantic;* but he did not press the point, as if in recognition that no amount of quibbling about the arrangements between him and Greider would take the sting out of his confessions. Stockman's willingness to face the consequences of his actions is as admirable as his effort to save face for Reagan was predictable. But "loose talk" is not an explanation. It is a description, and it does not illuminate.



DRAWING OF DAVID STOCKMAN BY DONALD GATES FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

How does Greider explain Stockman's willingness to talk? Well, he and Stockman are, in the latter's words, "old friends." Their acquaintance goes back to around 1978, when Greider was a reporter and Stockman a member of Congress. Intellectually at odds, the two respected each other, and Greider, impressed by some of Stockman's writings, got him to write a few pieces for the *Post*'s "Outlook" section. Did Stockman know that Greider was very much interested in character analysis and in understanding the role of personality in politics? Did he know that Greider had written a three-part article on Jimmy Carter (with whom Stockman shares many traits) for the *Post* in 1976, which set a standard for psychological acumen? An informant tells me he did. Greider was also for a time a member of a Washington study group that examined the interplay between personality and politics, and Stockman probably knew this too. These interests of Greider's, far from putting Stockman off, seem to have encouraged him to confide in Greider.

Greider, however, does not see himself in a father-confessor role. He writes, "The arrangement had obvious symbiotic value." From Stockman's side, it served as a channel to the press, a way of influencing the tone and direction of the *Post*'s coverage. Confident of his intellectual powers, Stockman hoped to persuade. And he had an eye on history. Stockman had been a history student at Michigan State, and he saw himself, in Greider's words, as "contributing to history's record and perhaps influencing its conclusions." One is reminded of that other contributor to history's record who showed "poor judgment," Nixon; and one is reminded as well of Kissinger, who, however, kept control of his own records for profitable use in his memoirs. Stockman, like Nixon, lost editorial control.

Both Stockman's and Greider's explanations are plausible, and they are compatible. But they are not sufficient. People weave a tangled web for themselves, and motives are always complex and often contradictory. What we desire, of course, is some single motive or reason, a good punch line. But as Stockman found out, people, like politics, are not so predictable.

The first theme underlying the Stockman episode concerns faith. Stockman is an idealist of sorts; or, more accurately, a believer in search of a belief. In college he temporarily deserted his orthodox Goldwater-inspired Republicanism. Experiencing, as he put it, an "absolute clash of cultures," he became active in the Students for a Democratic Society; he saw its promised revolution as "God's work." Rapidly disillusioned, he sought a new faith in Reinhold Niebuhr, the theologian of liberal Christian realism, and at the Harvard Divinity School. Subsequently he put his reli-

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gious faith to the test in politics, gradually moving from John Anderson's vaguely mugwump liberal Republicanism back to neo-orthodox convictions as promoted by Ronald Reagan. Born again in his politics, Stockman would extol George Gilder's *Wealth and Poverty* as "Promethean in its intellectual power and insight." Gilder's evangelical message is that "Faith in man, faith in the future . . . faith in the providence of God are all essential to successful capitalism."

THE TALKS with Greider reveal that, as the realities of self-interested politics eroded Stockman's sense of rightness and righteousness, he experienced a gradual loss of faith. In the press conference following publication of the *Atlantic* article, Stockman professed to be a believer still; but his words sounded hollow. His faith was not limited to the ideals of rightness and righteousness; it included a belief in a world which is so organized that there *is* a knowable answer to "how the world works." Even more, he had had faith, now lost, that reality would follow prophecy: faith in faith itself, as a force that can move even mountainous deficits.

Another theme that emerges in the interviews is Stockman's perception of morality. He seeks to be a moral man in a moral majority, where the majority tends to be intolerant, narrow, and short on compassion. Stockman is different from most of the Reagan entourage, who are mainly pragmatic power brokers, using ideology where convenient. Reagan himself sets the relaxed tone: confident of his own morality, he is comfortable with himself. Reagan could confide in his autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?*, that "A little lying in a good cause wouldn't hurt." Stockman, whose idealism is an important part of his personality, clearly hurts. Niebuhr wrote in *Moral Man and Immoral Society* that the duty of the Christian is to bring justice, where possible, to a sinful world. This is Stockman's inspiration. It means he can and must be realistic in an immoral society. But he cannot accept the idea of himself as an immoral man. The interviews with Greider suggest that Stockman, Niebuhr's student, was struggling to avoid feeling he had been corrupted by the harsh realities of politics. It is as if he had suddenly been stung by the words, spoken six months earlier, of the Reverend Truman Morrison, who had first introduced him to Niebuhr's work: "Niebuhr felt that no matter how immoral we are, we are activated by more than self-interest. I'm very worried, frankly, about what I'm learning about David. He thinks of himself as hard-nosed and tough-minded, but there's something naive about him. Compassion. That's what I'm looking for from David. I wish David and I had done more theological investigations than we did."

Where does loyalty lie for a man who is idealistic and whose self-image requires him always to raise the moral question? The theme of loyalty, and disloyalty, resounds through the interviews and through all of Stockman's career. It is a history of betrayals, which could weigh heavily on a moral man in immoral politics. The first betrayal is of his mother, whose orthodox views he abandoned for the counterculture of SDS. He then turned against its radicalism in his move to Niebuhr. Once in politics, working for John Anderson, he betrayed him in two related ways. First, while Stockman was working for Anderson, he contracted, in Anderson's words, "with the magazine *Public Interest* to do a piece that drew a great deal of attention by undertaking to savage a number of the positions that I, myself, happened to hold"; and then he mimicked Anderson's positions to help prepare Reagan for the campaign debates. That was how he attracted Reagan's attention—the first stepping-stone to the OMB.

There is a striking analogy between the article undermining Anderson and the interviews with Greider. Both imply that Stockman felt let down, betrayed, by a mentor. The interviews chronicle an evolution of belief and disbelief, as well as a loss of faith, over time. In the early months Stockman felt supported by Reagan, and exhilarated from winning the bureaucratic battles: the budget plan was working. By April the predicted bull market had not occurred; a month later, Stockman knew that the original agenda of budget reductions was inadequate, and that Wall Street was rightly dubious. Mid-May was the turning point. In Stockman's words, "sometimes sheer reality has a sobering effect." Greider remarks that "Stockman was changing, in a manner that perhaps he himself did not recognize. His conversations began to reflect a new sense of fatalism, a brittle edge of uncertainty." If there is a key to Stockman's subsequent remarks, it is in Greider's trained sense of what was happening. Stockman, winning in public, and placed on a pedestal by the press, knew that he was losing in private. The emotional tension driving him to go public was becoming acute.

AT FIRST STOCKMAN tried to find a new solution and to defer the reckoning. He proposed cuts in Social Security. Reagan initially backed him, but then, in the face of a public outcry, "disowned" Stockman's plan. Next, the tax-cut legislation fell victim to trade-offs with the special interest groups: "The hogs were really feeding," Stockman, the farm boy, protested. Kemp-Roth, he realized, in his famous metaphor, was a "Trojan horse to bring down the top rate." A little greed might be an acceptable article of capitalist faith, but in this case the "level of opportunism just got out of control." Stockman's final sense of betrayal came over his efforts to secure the retrenchment in the defense budget. Having made converts in the Cabinet and among the President's senior advisers, he discovered that "he could not convince the only hawk who mattered—Ronald Reagan."

The Trojan horse metaphor is worth a more probing look. It surfaces twice in the interviews: once in relation to Kemp-Roth trickle-down theory, and once in

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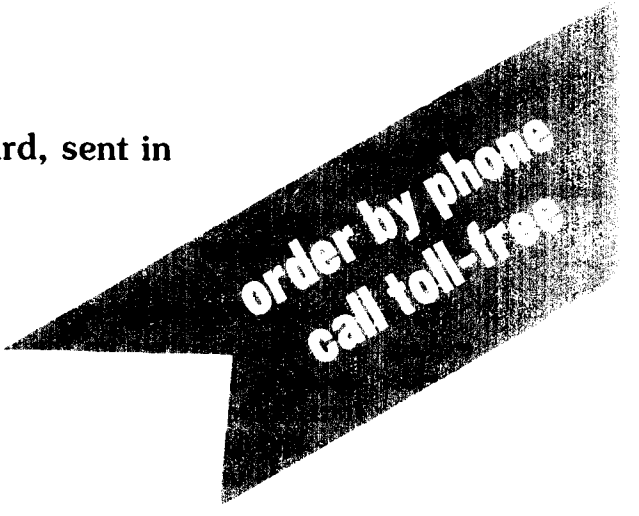

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relation to the final tax-cut paste job, as "another version of the Trojan horse—'a Trojan horse filled full of all kinds of budget-busting measures and secondary agendas.' " As Greider notes, it seemed a "cynical" remark. When Stockman was asked in his news conference what he had meant—"Was it a betrayal in any sense?"—he offered an equally puzzling reply: "The Trojan horse was a wooden beast with no brain." Then he added, "I can only say that it was a rotten, horrible, unfortunate metaphor. I will not go into literary history to determine its meaning and application." One is left wondering how Stockman could be unaware of the way he and his interviews were also a "Trojan horse" in the Reagan camp, a counterbetrayal to the betrayal of Stockman's faith, ideology, and morality. The answer, as Freud would say, must come from Stockman's unconscious. His words have meaning, even if the meaning is not consciously intended.

AS THE REVEREND Morrison said, Stockman is naive, even about his own motives. Greider notes that Stockman has spent his entire adult life working in the federal government—whose ubiquitous presence he stoutly opposes. Although he spends many hours negotiating with special interests, he sees himself as having none. Although he constantly makes compromises, he sees himself as holding fast to principle. There is a quality of grandiosity in his naiveté.

Stockman is not only a man concerned with faith, morality, and loyalty; he is also ambitious, opportunistic, and even, as John Anderson describes him, Machiavellian. His ambitious striving mirrors that of his classic Protestant farm family of the Middle West, and especially his mother, "who made David work for A's in school." It is the little boy in him that enjoys the power and the glory. Stockman himself recognizes that he is an opportunist of sorts. As he confessed, he had had opportunities, seized them, and came up smelling of roses. Looked at a bit differently, Stockman has, as Greider puts it, a "characteristic ability to adjust his premises to new political realities."

In the eyes of John Anderson, Stockman not only has opportunities; he *creates* them. According to Anderson, "He's a young man who wants to be sure he's out front. . . ." Such a trait fits nicely with his tendency to switch sides and loyalties. It also suggests a Machiavellian agility, an amoral willingness to seize and hold on to power while anticipating the next roll of the dice. "I would not," Anderson warned, "underestimate that Machiavellian guile of the young man."

Taken together, these themes and motives help explain why Stockman set up the interviews with Greider, and why they evolved as they did over time. At their start, in December 1980, Stockman began to tell what he thought would be a success story; by mid-May, he was unfolding a tale of guilt, of loss of faith, and of a sense of defeat and betrayal. Although the politics of the matter are relatively clear, the character behind them has been ambiguous. How can we reconcile the divergent traits and concerns so plainly visible in Stockman?

Stockman, in essence, is both moralist and Machiavellian, idealist reformer and hard-boiled politician. As Greider speaks of him, he has "a characteristic mixture of tactical cynicism and intellectual honesty." Having experienced the "clash of cultures" within himself, Stockman seems to stand outside that self, able to take different positions, and then to act detached from them, as in his impersonation of his erstwhile mentor, Anderson. Tireless, energetic, intelligent, versatile, he exhibits what one observer calls "controlled schizophrenia." What is most striking is his ability to vacillate between his two sides, without acknowledging that the sides coexist. Unable to work out the contradictions in his own mind, he aired them privately to Greider in a manner calculated to ensure they would be heard publicly as well. The interviews were Stockman's way of doing penance for what he could not knowingly accept: that he had lost faith in himself, as well as in the Administration in which he serves.

His story, of course, is of interest politically as well as personally. It serves as a case study in the problem of expressing doubts and dissents when part of a team. The experience of the Vietnam War years sharpened our awareness of the difficulties involved: should Robert McNamara have gone public with his doubts? How effective was George Ball, remaining in the Johnson Administration though voicing his doubts? And later, in the Carter Administration, was resignation the most effective and honorable course for Cyrus Vance to take?

IN HIS 1970 book, *Exit, Voice, and Loyalty*, Albert Hirschman addressed these problems systematically and thoughtfully. In cases where exit from a political party or team is easy, "voice"—that is, the expression of dissenting views inside the group—is minimal, to the great loss of democratic politics. What is needed is a balance, where exit is rare but possible, and voice frequent and encouraged. The effect of the 1970s agitations, during which Stockman came to maturity, was to raise the level of acceptable political candor. (It is reassuring that at least one prominent Republican, Senator Robert Dole, commented that Stockman's ruminations were "refreshing.") Stockman tackled, even if only inferentially, the question of how to admit overtly the need for changing plans, while remaining part of a political team, and wholly undermining the public's faith in its leaders' abilities to plan and control policies. He wrestled conscientiously, though without sufficient self-awareness, with that problem, both as it affected him and as it affected the public. The "Education of David Stockman" is not just the story of an ambitious and complicated young man learning more about himself and politics, but an education for all of us.

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You don't need a Weatherman to know that the climate has changed.

The End Of The Seventies

By Peter Shaw

THE WEATHER UNDERGROUND killings in Nanuet and Nyack, New York, riveted public attention in the way that events do when they seem to carry a lesson or a moral. Coming at the start of what appears to be a new cultural period likely to be marked by withdrawal from radicalism of all kinds, the reappearance of the Weather Underground illuminated the vast distance that has been crossed since the 1960s.

A shift in public attitudes was evident in the revulsion evoked by the killings. Only a few years ago, the unanimity with which this emotion was voiced would have been hardly conceivable. "Times have changed," wrote William Safire in the *New York Times* soon afterward. "The lawmen are once again the good guys, and we give as much encouragement to enforcing the law as to upholding the law. It took until the early 1980s to bring the 1960s to an end." Safire was right, but the culmination he announced did not come without a struggle. And he might have added that many intellectuals still cling to the culture of the 1970s, which derived its attitudes of suspicion toward law and authority from the 1960s.

In the new climate of opinion about radicals and violence, few people seemed to be criticizing law enforcement. When the aging lion of apologetics for extremism, the Weathermen's lawyer, William Kunstler, emerged to warn against "overreaction" to the killings, television interviewers demonstrated a new skepticism. Once they had treated Kunstler as the privileged bearer of avant-garde political ideas; now they subjected him to discomforting questions. On what grounds did he charge overreaction by the police? Could these killings be justified? "They are unjustifiable," Kunstler weakly replied. In the old days he would have risen to the challenge by pointing a finger of guilt at the society that had driven idealistic young people to the desperate pass of violence.

Similarly, Tom Wicker wrote in the *Times*, "Those arrested deserve a legal defense in court and all the constitutional protections afforded to any other accused person in America—that and no more." But Wicker in effect went on to warn against the dangers now posed by the authorities, as did Sheldon Wolin in the *Times* (writing about the "nihilistic violence of the bureaucratic order"), a *Nation* editorial, and an article by Paul Berman in the *Village Voice*. "It is ghastly," Berman wrote, "to imagine what Jeremiah Denton's subcommittee on terrorism must be dreaming of."

The accused killers' lawyers went further, charging that the state had already abused its powers in reaction to the Nyack killings. They claimed that two of the men arrested in the case had been beaten by the police, and that the woman accused of providing them with cars, Eve Rosahn, had been brought into court and illegally arraigned in the absence of counsel. Kunstler, referring to the state's decision to delay another arraignment (that of his client, Cynthia Boston) for security reasons, called the court's excuse "a fraud." "This is Reagan's big push," he went on to say. "He's taking over the Nyack case." After Cynthia Boston was released, a representative of the New York Civil Liberties Union charged the authorities with "hysteria" in her arrest, which had been made after an eyewitness identification. (Boston herself "expressed her sympathy" for the Nyack killers, while calling President Reagan and his Cabinet "ruthless fascists.")

The issue of the Nyack case, as both the columnists' and the lawyers' comments reveal, was law enforcement. By 1981 the Weatherpeople were singling out the police for their acts of terrorism. They had shot two policemen and a security guard in the Nyack robbery, which itself was evidently undertaken to secure money to finance bombings of police stations and courts. In the absence of manifestos, the Weather Underground's lethal hostility to the police amounted to the clearest indication of its politics. It recalled the elementary definition of the state as that institution of society which reserves to itself the power over life and death. This power is of course chiefly exercised through the courts and the police.

In this case, the law enforcement question proved to be inseparable from the issue of race. Not only did the charges of judicial oppression for the most part concern blacks, but the radicals had repeatedly made it clear that their perception of American society as evil stemmed above all from its treatment of blacks. As Cathlyn Wilkerson, the Weather Underground member who was arrested with Kathy Boudin in the early 1960s at a protest against segregated schools in Ches-

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Peter Shaw is the author of *American Patriots and the Rituals of Revolution* (Havard University Press).

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ter, Pennsylvania, had said: "We are who we are because Malcom X was around teaching, or Rap Brown." Yet Wilkerson and her associates consistently exploited blacks in the service of their own prejudices against society. In the 1960s, for example, as Thomas Powers's biography, *Diana: The Making of a Terrorist*, points out, William Ayres and Diana Oughton, both Weather Underground members, taught black children in a community school in Michigan. The couple decided that learning the alphabet was of secondary importance, and gave lessons on Ché Guevara instead. As a result, the black parents removed their children from the school. Years later, when Ayers was living in hiding with Bernadine Dohrn, his shift to new forms of racial activism rendered him no less exploitive. Working for a black minister's day-care group, he brought its children to two demonstrations against the closing of Harlem's Sydenham Hospital, once again employing black children to further his own views. By the end, in the Nyack incident, the Weather Underground had so arranged matters that a black policeman, among others, was killed by a black criminal.

THE PROTEST CAREERS of the radicals had led them to a kind of romantic racism which underscored the centrality of the race issue. Most recently a communiqué reportedly from the Black Liberation Army explained that the Nyack holdup "was part of a campaign to counter the planned oppression of blacks by U.S. law enforcement authorities." What, then, does the record show about the law's treatment of blacks who were associated with the Weatherpeople?

All five of the black men connected to the Nyack killings had criminal records, and all but one had committed acts of violence against the police. Sam Brown, who killed the two policemen in Nyack, had an arrest record going back to 1958. He served one year of a five-year sentence in 1963 and 1964, and was arrested four times in 1970; his most recent arrest, in May 1980, was for auto theft. When he was brought in at that time, it was discovered that he had failed to appear for sentencing for his previous crime. On the day after the Nyack killings, Nathaniel Burns and Samuel Smith were chased through New York City's borough of Queens by police who recognized the license plate on their car. In 1970 Smith, who was shot and killed by a policeman at the end of the chase, had been charged with attempted murder in the shooting of two officers attempting to question him about a holdup. Whether his conviction in 1970 was for this shooting or for the robbery that preceded it was not clear. In any case, Smith eventually amassed eight robbery arrests and had been arrested most recently in 1978, for criminal mischief. Nathaniel Burns, arrested at the end of the Queens chase, had been charged in 1970 with attempting to set up a sniper post opposite a Bronx police station, and with engaging in a shoot-out with two passing patrolmen shortly after a bomb exploded in the same station. Only Donald Weems, who like Burns was then a Black Panther, was found guilty at that time. He escaped from prison in 1978 and is now wanted in connection with the Nyack case.

The truth about society's treatment of these men, both before and after their political conversions, is that they have been treated with anything but severity. Had they been convicted either for their crimes or for their initial violence against the police, or had they remained in prison without parole and without managing to escape, the Nyack killings could not have occurred. In the 1960s there was a widespread tendency to view crimes of violence committed by blacks as the natural, even justified, consequence of racial oppression. It is noteworthy that in the case of the Nyack killings, few commentators were endorsing such excuses. On the contrary, if there was a scandal concerning law enforcement, it had to do with judicial and penal weakness and inefficiency—not social repression.

Among the whites involved in the case, the picture was much the same. David Gilbert, arrested in Nyack, was wanted for arson and assaulting a policeman in Denver. The federal warrant for his arrest, however, had run out. Judith Clark, the last of the four arrested in the Nyack incident, had been indicted along with Kathy Boudin for participating in an assault on policemen during the Chicago Days of Rage in 1969. Both of them jumped bail, but later Clark was captured, tried, found guilty, and sentenced—only to have her conviction overturned on a technicality.

Marilyn Buck, the only white member of the Black Liberation Army, was also wanted in connection with the Nyack killings. In 1971 she had participated in an assault on a police station in San Francisco in which a policeman was killed. In 1973 she received a ten-year sentence—long enough to have kept her in jail on the day of the Nyack killings—for buying guns to be used by the BLA. She had disappeared in 1977, however, while on furlough from prison.

VIRTUALLY ALL of those named in connection with the killings had had similar experiences with the law. Another fugitive in the case, Anthony Laborde, a member of the Black Liberation Army, was wanted for killing a policeman in Queens last year. Joanne Chesimard had escaped from prison, where she was serving a life sentence for killing a state trooper. Cynthia Boston, the woman arrested in Mississippi in connection with the case and later released, was said by the FBI to have an "extensive arrest record," according to the *Washington Post*, although Kunstler, her attorney, told the court at her arraignment that she had no criminal past. The man with whom she lived, William Johnson, was another prison escapee and was also wanted in connection with the Nyack case.

To the accompaniment of their lawyers' outraged charges of judicial repression, most of those involved

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in the Nyack case continued to benefit from the legal system. Despite a district attorney's plea that Eve Rosahn be held on suspicion of involvement in the Nyack murders, she was temporarily released on $10,000 bail, even though she was already out on bail for throwing acid at a policeman. (The acid-throwing was in connection with the visit to the U.S. of the Springboks, the South African rugby team.)

Jeffrey Jones and Eleanor Raskin, traced and arrested after Nyack, were both wanted at the time for possession of explosives; Raskin was released on bail a few days later. Cynthia Boston's fellow member of the Republic of New Afrika movement, Chokwe Lumumba, was given permission by a judge to visit Boston in prison after her arrest, in spite of a district attorney's warning that a similar visit by a fellow Black Liberation Army member had led to the escape of Joanne Chesimard. (Subsequently another judge stayed Lumumba's visit.)

IN SIMILAR FASHION, those involved in the case had hardly been hurt by the presumably more efficient, and therefore more sinister, centralized federal bureaucracy. Before Joanne Chesimard escaped she had amassed in her prison cell nearly 2,000 pages of FBI documents which she had obtained under the Freedom of Information Act. But it was Kathy Boudin's experiences that most notably revealed the government's computers as something less than instruments of mass control. She was able to register for and receive welfare payments—while living in a cooperative apartment—with easily obtained false documents. When she was identified after her arrest in Nyack, it was not the dreaded central computer of the FBI that was responsible, for it failed to provide any information about her. Instead, a local policeman recognized her from a "Wanted" poster and used a manual comparison of fingerprints to make the identification. The spectacular series of arrests in the wake of the bungled Nyack robbery demonstrated not so much the long reach of the law as the radicals' understandable and hitherto justified complacency about the capabilities of the police. In some cases, apparently, a liberal judicial and penal system can work against the social contract that it was meant to guarantee and enhance.

The record of the police and the criminal justice system regarding the Weather Underground thus appears to refute the charges leveled by the radicals and their lawyers. But there was a disturbing circumstance that was not mentioned by those who had expressed concern about the excesses of law enforcement. This was the report that Samuel Smith was killed in Queens, not in the act of firing at his police pursuer, as the official account had it, but while climbing over a fence, as some witnesses reportedly said. The public, it would seem, winked at the shooting of Smith out of a feeling that somehow the social contract could now be restored only by violation of the law. But more significant was the fact that liberal columnists also should have silently passed over this incident, which was apparently germane to their stated fears about the excesses of law enforcement. Whether intentional or not, their avoidance of this issue powerfully demonstrates the depth of the change in the cultural climate.

ALTHOUGH some of the Weatherpeople sought to undermine existing social structures, like other 1960s radicals they were essentially products of the establishment they despised. For the most part they came from privileged backgrounds as well as from politically leftist families. Psychologist Kenneth Keniston, sociologist Richard Flacks, and political scientist Stanley Rothman agree that contemporary radicalism is characterized not by a generation gap but by a continuity between generations. In one interview, Kathy Boudin's father, Leonard Boudin, says that his defense of radicals in the 1950s led to a regrettable parental neglect. Among his clients was the atomic spy, Judith Coplon. In 1981, after Kathy Boudin's arrest, photographs showed her parents rushing to solace her. In becoming the contemporary equivalent of Coplon, it seemed, Kathy had recaptured the parental concern denied her during the earlier period.

Just as Kathy Boudin's activism was partly an outgrowth of her father's politics, she and her Weather Underground comrades seemed to rage against social injustice at least partly out of guilt at the privilege they had inherited. Kathy Boudin's father was famous and financially comfortable if not rich; William Ayers's father was the chairman of the executive committee of Commonwealth Edison Electric Company; Eve Rosahn's parents had become wealthy in business; Silas Bissell was an heir of the Bissell carpet fortune; Eleanor Raskin's father was a prominent New Deal economist (when she was released on $100,000 bail a few days after her arrest in the wake of the Nyack episode, she became eligible for a substantial inheritance from her mother); the father of Diana Oughton, one of the Weatherpeople killed in the townhouse explosion, was a millionaire. These well-born radicals shared an overwhelming resentment against their society, the untrammeled expression of which was made possible by their birth into positions of social privilege.

For a time the Weatherpeople's rage and their privilege were compatible with the lives they live underground. But almost as if in recognition that the countercultural spirit of the 1960s was dying out at the end of the 1970s, they again were moved to violence. There were still those who clung to the counterculture's legacy to the 1970s: anti-authoritarianism expressed as fear and dislike of any agency of law enforcement. Until the Nyack killings revealed that murder is more horrific than the prospect of vigorous police action, the 1970s could not be said to have ended.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

The Facts of Some Matters

The Polish filmmaker Andrzej Wajda has, among other attributes, a gift for embarrassing his critics. He digs so courageously into touchy issues in his country that skepticism about the results may seem to scant his courage. (Not to mention the courage of many others associated with him who may, in fact, be more vulnerable.) Who could feel pleased to write adversely on *Man of Iron* on the day when there is a front-page story about the Polish politburo ordering the government to seek legislation banning strikes?

Man of Iron
(Cinema Circle of Canada)

Absence of Malice
(Columbia)

Still *Man of Iron*, in my view, is a muddled, vastly protracted film, with Wajda's artiness once again splotching the sincerity of his concern and the urgency of his themes. This new film is a sequel—written, in a sense, by events—to *Man of Marble* (TNR, January 24, 1981), which he made in 1977. The earlier film was about a young filmmaker, a woman, who wants to do a picture about the mysterious downfall of a Stakhanovite bricklayer of the 1950s who had first been hailed, then toppled. Her search for truth takes her to Gdansk in the 1970s. *Man of Iron* is about an older filmmaker, a man known for his TV work, sent to Gdansk to snoop out materials that will smear the leaders of the shipyard strike. The picture weaves the present with three time-levels of the past—1968, 1970, and the mid-1970s—distinguished (poorly) by different film tonalities. Wajda wants to emphasize the increment of events, the multi-layered texture, beneath the current unrest; this is his chief success in the film.

The son of the dead Stakhanovite, now a young leader in the shipyard strike, is the same actor who played his father, Jerzy Radziwilowicz. The former young filmmaker, played by Krystyna Janda, is now his wife, a mother, and an aide in the strike. Radziwilowicz is authentic, just as he was as his father; Janda is improved, much more restrained and convincing. Lech Walesa is seen in newsreel footage, but he also takes part in Wajda's film, as a witness at the wedding of the young pair in church. (The force of Catholicism is a recurrent theme.) The older TV correspondent, badly overplayed by Marian Opania, winds through all the present-day material, half-sodden most of the time, following the half-smoked cigarette in his mouth as if it were pulling him along. His inquiries are what instigate the flashbacks.

In the British journal *Sight and Sound* (Autumn 1981), Gustaw Moszcz writes:

> The moral reversal between *Man of Marble* and *Man of Iron* is not only that the first showed defeat . . . whereas the latter is mutedly optimistic about the precarious and limited success so far gained, but centers on the differing functions that journalism plays in both films. In the earlier, [the young woman] had desperately searched to reveal the unsavory truth. . . . In *Man of Iron* . . . [the TV correspondent] is set the task of distorting the truth. . . .

It's extremely pertinent to add that in the earlier film Wajda was talking about past oppression; now he's dealing with the present. The catalytic center of the new film is a government stooge; and after Walesa signs the agreement with the government, an official tells the TV man wryly that it's only a piece of paper, signed under duress.

These points may contain a clue as to how this new film got made. Wajda and colleagues could have ten times the courage they undoubtedly do have; still the picture could not have been made without the censors' approval. Why did the Polish government allow the making of a film that shows contemporary government slyness, injustice, police harassment? One amateur guess—strengthened by the latest news cited above—is that the government approval of this film is an oblique anti-Soviet move. "See? These are the conditions of governing forced on us by Soviet pressure. Our sympathies are really with our brother and sister Poles, but what can we do with Big Brother on our backs?" The only direct reference to Big Brother is the statue of Lenin in a dining hall, but the government's sweat can easily be inferred as Soviet-induced.

Moszcz saw the film on Polish TV and notes one significant cut in the version being shown abroad, a shot of the body of a man murdered by secret police. In the light of what *is* shown, the cut is incomprehensible. Moszcz also reports that Walesa, interviewed on Polish TV last summer, called *Man of Iron* "too radical," "too aggressive," "untrue." Again these comments are incomprehensible without considerable inside knowledge of tactical positions. In any event, the film exists. It's muzzy, marred by the zooms and hollow enigmas of cutting and fancy angles that mar much of Wajda, but the impact of its very existence can't be denied.

An American film about reporters, *Absence of Malice*. Nat Hentoff is one of the few investigative reporters I admire, and when he wrote (*Village Voice*, November 26-December 1, 1981), "Every single

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Chariots of Fire. The (basically true) story of two British Olympic runners, 1924, elaborated into moving social drama.

My Dinner With André. See note in this week's column.

Reds. The lives of John Reed and Louise Bryant. Far from flawless but strong and very stirring. Warren Beatty, who produced, co-scripted, and directed, plays Reed excellently. Diane Keaton is a splendid surprise as Bryant. Much more biographical than political, it's an impressive achievement.

Time Bandits. A boy adventures with six dwarfs through time and space. Written by Monty Python people. Delights children and at least some adults.

SK

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instance of journalistic malpractice in *Absence of Malice* I have seen, in one form or another, during my more than 20 years either at the *Voice* or other places I've worked," I was gratified. Outside of economists, and for quite different reasons, there is no profession for which, as a whole, I have so little respect as investigative reporters. The assumption is that, just because Joe Doaks gets a job on a newspaper instead of in a shoe store, he becomes one of a freemasonry of unlicensed private eyes, beyond the reach of usual legal restraints, with special privileges accorded him in the name of freedom of the press when what is really at stake is increased profits of the press—and career advancement for the reporter. Hentoff mentions *All the President's Men* "and its sanctification of us journalists." One good example—Woodward and Bernstein did some good—can do a lot of harm. (I was a book editor for over ten years and was convinced that the fabled reliance of Thomas Wolfe on Maxwell Perkins induced sloth in American writers who expected editors to do work they ought to have done.)

Absence of Malice was written by Kurt Luedtke, former executive editor of the *Detroit Free Press*, and purports to show the evils in investigative reporting, including carefully measured risks of libel. But Luedtke's script is so tainted with cleverness that it's more imitatively glitzy than probing. Why couldn't the story have been about relatively representative people? Why did the hero, Paul Newman, have to be the son of a crook? Another kind of trouble wouldn't have needed all the fine-line, not entirely credible distinctions that have to be made here. Why did his uncle have to be a rerun of Don Corleone? Why did we need all the platitudinous tough-guy sentimentality of the sex scenes between Newman and Sally Field?

Field is the reporter—in Miami. The dialogue is so slick that it smells like the inside of a new car. Sydney Pollack directed with equally tired/tiresome freshness. Field, whose voice sounds more tinny here than I can remember, isn't asked for much, really, so supplies it easily. Newman, however, works with much more flexibility and concern than he did in *Fort Apache the Bronx*. The role has been given more convolution than depth by the writer; Newman is realer than his role.

In the November 25 issue I reviewed *My Dinner With André*, which I had enjoyed, and indulged in some guesses about the way it had been made. Wallace Shawn, one of the two conversationalists, informs me that my guesses were all wrong. There *was* a script; they didn't (as I said) "extemporize on previously selected topics." He and André Gregory, the other participant, had met two or three times a week for about three months and had taped long conversations; then Shawn worked for a year to make a script out of those tapes; then both men memorized the script, rehearsed with the director, Louis Malle, and even performed the piece at the Royal Court in London. My guess about several cameras being used simultaneously was also wrong: only one camera was used, and there were many takes of each section from several angles.

I'm glad to correct my errors, but I can't stop there. This film is now transformed, by the data above, from a super TV talk show to an art work in a rarely used vein: the re-created documentary, "life" reenacted after some sharpening and distillation. One antecedent is Georges Rouquier's *Farrebique* (1947), in which Rouquier, watching a French farm family for a year, asked them to reenact key events in each of the four seasons. This method is not *cinéma-vérité*, in which non-actors perform fictional stories or in which the camera records some lives while they are being lived. This method is the *re*-creation of reality, selectively, by the people to whom it was once spontaneously real.

I don't know how Rouquier handled his French farmers, but it's irrelevant here: because Shawn and Gregory are artists, quite conscious of the process they were invoking, and it was they who took the script to Malle. They knew that they were after an intensification of the superficially nondramatic, and Malle responded. The core seems to lie in one exchange in the (now-published) script. The two men—or the two characters, as they must now be considered—are discussing experiences in strange places, and Shawn says:

> Why do we require a trip to Mount Everest in order to be able to perceive one moment of reality? Is Mount Everest more real than New York? Isn't New York real? I mean, I think if you could become fully aware of what existed in the cigar store next door to this restaurant, it would blow your brains out. . . .

And Gregory replies: "Well, I agree with you, Wally, but the problem is that people *can't see* the cigar store now."

In the light of the true facts about the film, it can now be taken as an attempt to make people see the cigar store. But this effort is partly blunted if the viewer doesn't have all the facts that Shawn gave me. I don't know of many films where off-screen data are essential to the work—and make it quite different and more interesting. *My Dinner With André* is one such.

Robert Brustein On Theater

Broadway Inches Forward

After years of being out of service, serious American dramas are running again on commercial highways normally restricted to musicals, light comedies, and British imports. Few of these are original Broadway manufactures; almost all are products of the resident theaters. If the customary route for such plays in the past was via the Public Theater or the Mark Taper Forum, however, now their pit stop is more likely to be the Manhattan Theater Club or the Circle Rep, occasionally after early tune-ups at the Actors Theater in Louisville. Still, it is cheering to see some native models tooling around our popular stages again. In closing itself off from the images, idioms, themes, and characters of American life, Broadway got itself in the embarrassing position of being eclipsed by its despised rival, Hollywood. What was the commercial theater offering to match the intensity of *The Godfather* or *Prince of the City*, in investigating contemporary social issues? Which industry could now be

Crimes of the Heart
by Beth Henley

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accused of being the dream factory?

Broadway has been making a little more effort in the last two years, so I wish I could be more positive about the results; but I sense defective models. A decade ago, the influential Broadway playwrights were Miller, Williams, and Albee; today the reigning figure is Lanford Wilson. Wilson, admittedly, is canny and talented. He has an eye for local color and colorful locals; he has the capacity to please a large variety of tastes. But whereas off Broadway he apprenticed himself to Tennessee Williams, Wilson made his mark on the Great White Way as a disciple of William Inge, from whom he borrowed both his mid-American types and his pastel romantic-realism. Whatever their failings, the members of the older theatrical generation usually had a surgical purpose—to cut to the center of the American malaise; Wilson and his school seem less interested in carving out the patient's tumor than in applying cosmetics to the corpse.

I speak of a school because Wilson has recently made a few disciples himself, following his demonstrated success in breaking Broadway barriers. The most recent of these is Beth Henley, whose *Crimes of the Heart* (John Golden Theater) won the Pulitzer Prize and is now a major commercial hit after two pre-Broadway productions. Only 29 years old, Miss Henley already displays enough winning theatrical manners to melt the stoniest heart (John Simon's, for example). One doesn't know whether to feel more awed by her precocity or alarmed over her early loss of innocence.

Despite the promise of the title, *Crimes of the Heart* has more to do with sentiment than with felony, though one of its three plots does involve an attempted homicide. Set in rural Mississippi "five years after Hurricane Camille," the action moves within one of those semi-transparent shabby-genteel settings that John Lee Beatty usually designs for Lanford Wilson: a kitchen with flowered scrim walls and a misty view of mimosa trees. It is the home of three sisters, all oppressed by small-town life, and too far away to go to Moscow. One is Lenny, a 30-year-old spinster who (like Wilson's spinster Sally Talley in *Talley's Folly*) is unable to bear children because of an undeveloped ovary; the second is Meg, a 27-year-old pop singer in a miniskirt who (like Wilson's pop singer, Gwen Landis, in *The Fifth of July*) outrages the community with her sexual affairs, profane language, and advanced life-style; and the third is Babe, a 24-year-old housewife (Miss Henley's creation entirely) who has just shot her husband in the stomach, reputedly because she didn't like his looks. Actually, Babe has been sleeping with a young black boy (she was lonely and he was "so good") and when her husband found out, decided it was more sensible to kill him than herself.

BABE'S BEHAVIOR after this murder attempt is typically flakey, but it is also typical of the way the author provides amusement at the cost of credibility. She mixes a pitcher of lemonade, then offers it to her husband bleeding on the floor. "He was looking up at me and trying to speak words. I said, 'What?' I said, 'Would you like a coke instead?'" When her husband recovers enough to speak he tries to institutionalize her—not surprisingly, though this is taken as further evidence of his miserable character. In the same mood of morbid hilarity, Babe attempts suicide twice; once by hanging (the rope breaks) and once by sticking her head inside the gas stove (she pulls it out to answer the phone). This proves to be a positive experience because it helps her to discover why her mother hanged herself along with a cat ("because she was afraid of dying all alone").

Babe will be saved from scandal and the insane asylum by a young lawyer who has discovered graft and forgery in her husband's past, and who also adores her; the more pressing charges against her may have been conveniently forgotten. As for her two sisters, they achieve equally happy resolutions to their dilemmas. Meg spends the night in a car with an old beau, thus reaffirming her faith in her capacity for love; and Lenny discovers that Charley, the man she abandoned because she couldn't give him offspring, doesn't want children anyway, thus allowing her to resume their old affair (Wilson created a similar sexual symmetry for Matt Friedman and Sally Talley). The play ends with the three sisters gathered around a birthday cake, gossiping and laughing together, having discovered that, whatever their difficulties, they are, like Mama, "not all alone." The author produces no Tchebutykin to disrupt this happy scene with any pessimistic mutterings.

MISS HENLEY manages a whimsical, goofy tone throughout her work which is quite ingratiating. She has a gift for outrageous reactions; she knows how to create picturesque characters. But she usually achieves her effects by damaging reality, and jamming events inside the plot like filling in a sausage casing. Within the two short days that comprise the action, Babe has not only shot her husband and made two attempts on her life but has found an admirer and developed a successful defense; Lenny's favorite horse has been struck by lightning; Meg has gone through three circles of despair and come out on the side of affirmation; and the girls' grandfather has suffered a near-fatal stroke and fallen into a coma. The grandfather's coma, however, evokes a response that suggests how effective Miss Henley's method can be when it operates in a convincing context: the girls react with a fit of giggling. "Gonna live?" "They don't [sadly] think so [breaking into laughter]"; "Oh, God, now I feel so bad [howling with laughter]." This is not different in style from the insouciance with which the sisters consistently greet awful news; but it is different in kind because it comes out of the event, not out of the author's desire to entertain.

Melvin Bernhardt's production meets the play entirely on its own terms, which is to say, it makes no effort to resolve any stylistic incongruities. Like the play, the direction is textured, witty, well-modeled, suggestive of depths without actually revealing them. Bernhardt's character work with the actors is particularly strong. Aside from a tendency (not shared by Mary Beth Hurt, attractively knife-edged, though vaguely Western as Meg) to break into shrill Southern shrieks at levels that could shatter all the glassware in the kitchen, the women in the cast are uniformly appealing, giving performances that are

"KARPOV BEAT Korchnoi, the Soviet media went wild, and in the frenzy of the moment Leonid Brezhnev said the victor had displayed 'genuinely Soviet character.' Most experts however, felt Karpov had won honestly."

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rich and fruity and packed with nuance. Mia Dillon brings a ripe, winsome simplemindedness to the part of Babe; Lizbeth MacKay displays repressed hysteria as Lenny, as she speeds across the linoleum, sticking birthday candles into chocolate chip cookies; Peter MacNicol is boyishly charming as Babe's smitten lawyer; and Sharon Ullrich and Raymond Porter play other friends and family with economy and strength.

In short, *Crimes of the Heart* is an entirely harmless evening at a decent level of professionalism. It is not cheap; it is not pretentious; it is generally amusing. The play, however, is unlikely to survive as anything more than a stock company favorite, Pulitzer Prize or not, because like most romantic literature, it raises issues it is unwilling to face. William Gibson once complained that Broadway was a place to be likable, not serious. *Crimes of the Heart* is eminently likable, but it is not really serious. A healthy commercial theater would be offering two or three such plays a month; it would also be generating plays that were not just cuddly and ingratiating but penetrating and profound.

JOHN CANADAY ON ART

Holiday Roundup: Bonnard, Picasso, and the Piano

The book I was happiest to discover among the dozens that came in for inspection this pre-Christmas season, the one I am happiest to own and expect to return to most often, is *Bonnard: The Complete Graphic Work* by Francis Bouvet (Rizzoli, $80), a total delight and a model of book design and manufacture. But there's another that has to be got out of the way first in this report, a whopper of a project triumphantly carried through, *Picasso: The Early Years* by Josep Palau i Fabre (Rizzoli, $160 until December 3, 1981; thereafter, $175).

You wouldn't think there was room for another book on Picasso, let alone another on his early years, but here it is, a staggering volume in which the first illustration is an 1890 pencil drawing of Hercules wielding his club—a prophetic subject when you realize that it was done by a nine-year-old. The last, dated 17 years later, is "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon." In between, by way of 1,557 illustrated works presented in strict chronological order, we follow the youngster, then the adolescent, then the young man as he wields pen, pencil, and brush in a dozen—two dozen?—different manners, concluding with the controlled explosion of 1907 that finally dislodged the 20th century from concepts that, in spite of post-impressionist erosions, had dominated art in the Western world for more than 2,000 years.

The story of Picasso's Progress has been told over and again, but never before in such encyclopedic detail. By the time the great retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art closed last year, I was ready to concede that Picasso's legend had at last outstripped his achievement, and I still believe that the last ten or 15 years of his production—in fact, the major portion of everything later than "Guernica"—could be burned to the enhancement of his total record. But going back to the beginning, back once more in this pictorial document where as many as half the drawings and paintings are unfamiliar, the amazement and excitement that Picasso can generate—even the sense of discovery after all these years—is renewed at full force.

I can't pretend to have read, except spottily, the equally encyclopedic text, which assembles just about every substantiated fact of Picasso's life up to the age of 26 in a step-by-step narrative along with examinations of rumors and hearsay, exposures of falsehoods or mistakes, and constant personal reminiscences on the author's part. (Picasso once said that Josep Palau i Fabre knew his life better than he knew it himself.) I would make one objection—the indulgence of hindsight in explaining the psychological forces that determined the directions Picasso's genius took. As in other analyses of this kind, the facts of his early years could as easily be used to explain any one of whichever contrasting directions his life might have taken. For instance, Picasso's preoccupation with women as subject matter is explained as a result of his having been surrounded by women (mother, grandmothers, sisters, aunts) as a child and youth. If it had happened that Picasso had painted mostly men, that early circumstance could just as easily have been employed as explanation of a compensation device.

In addition to the 1,557 illustrations of Picasso's work, there are 30 documentary items, mostly photographs. The black and whites throughout are excellent and the color—there's a lot of it—is first rate, as nearly as I can judge without direct comparison with the originals. The price sounds horrendous, but divide it by the number of pages (560) and you get 28½ cents a page until December 31, 1981, and 31 cents thereafter, and they are rich pages. At that price you can hardly afford to pass this book by.

Now for the Bonnard graphics: here's a book that has everything going for it in the way of bringing the reader into all but direct contact with the original works. Lithographs and, to a somewhat lesser degree, etchings, being prints in the first place, adapt to reproduction on the printed page with minimum loss of character. Colors, which are printed from individual plates in the originals, are well adapted to the exigencies of photographic color separation processes for reproduction with consequent high levels of accuracy. Also, most of the Bonnard prints are small enough so that in a book of large page size like this one they can be reproduced at full dimensions or near it. (In cases of large posters, the designers have conjoined details at full size.) Bonnard's art is so intimate that it seems intended to be enjoyed as a form of private communion with the artist rather than exposed on a museum wall. Altogether, the designers and manufacturers of this delightful volume have made the most of these psychological and technical advantages so that the *catalogue raisonné*, which would be a valuable reference book even if it were poorly produced, is also a picture book to treasure.

An important but frequently ignored or abused factor in good color reproduction (and, for that matter, in black and white as well) is appropriate surface

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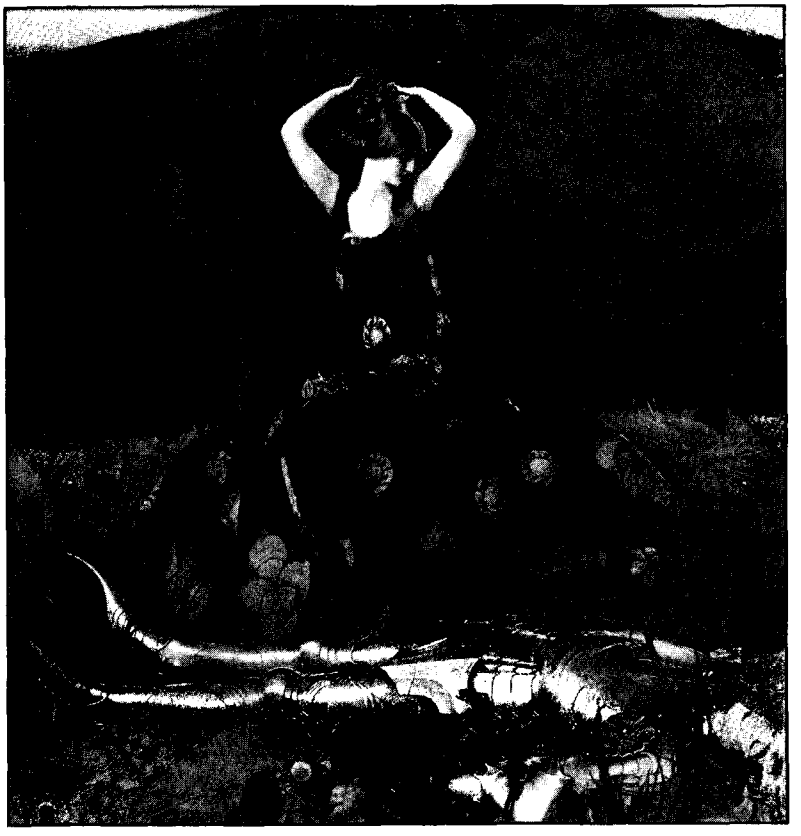
texture. A glossy surface intensifies printed colors just as a coat of clear varnish brightens up a painting; prints reproduced with a glossy surface are like prints given a coat of varnish. The Bonnard prints demand a mat texture and get it. In the Picasso book, where the originals run from mat surfaces to glossy and through the whole range of grainy pastel, transparent watercolor, and opaque oils, compromise was necessary. The choice of an in-between surface slightly on the mat side works very well.

In another handsome new book, this time on a frequently maligned but recently renascent group of painters, *The Pre-Raphaelites* by Christopher Wood (Viking, $35), a high gloss is employed, appropriately. Mr. Wood points out that one reason for publishing the book is that the spate of others that have come out over the past several years have not done right by the paintings in either size or accuracy. With their tight, slick surfaces, brilliant colors, and sharp detail, Pre-Raphaelite paintings adapt perfectly to glossy reproduction, or at least as nearly perfectly as is possible for large paintings. (Drastic reduction in size changes the interrelationship of color areas even when each area itself is accurate; the best you can hope for is a good general approximation of a painting's overall effect.) On full pages of this 12½ inch by 10½ inch volume the Pre-Raphaelites tell in all their vivid, glassy color—and also, I'm afraid, in spite of the author's vigorous defenses, in all their sentimental preciosity of conception. This is a good book, a very good book, which advances and easily proves its premise that the pre-Raphaelite movement, usually thought of as a brief Victorian interlude, stayed alive and, in its febrile way, still kicking, into the early years of the 20th century.

The Pre-Raphaelites is good reading, written in such a fluent, lively style that one wishes it were possible to be won over entirely to wholehearted admiration of the painters for whom Mr. Wood is such an ardent missionary. But somehow a taint of condescension has a way of getting into an appreciation of this school that, for all its admirable intentions, too frequently ended up as high kitsch.

The Pre-Raphaelites are also with us this season in two biographies and a volume of newly illustrated poetry, very sympathetically treated in all three. *John Ruskin: The Passionate Moralist* by Joan Abse (Knopf, $18.50) has already been reviewed in these pages by Peter Stansky (TNR, December 9, 1981). The other biography is *Christina Rossetti: A Divided Life* by Georgina Battiscombe (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $16.95). The division in the life of the sister of the founder of Pre-Raphaelitism, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was between her acceptance of the role of respectable spinster and a strong sexuality that, defeated in love, was expressed, apparently unconsciously, in Christina's poems. Her best known, "Goblin Market," has been accepted on the one hand as a children's fairy story and has been subjected on the other to sessions on the psychoanalytical couch and interpreted as a Freudian nightmare with undertones of lesbianism and yearning for male violation. George Gershinowitz's illustrations for a new *Goblin Market* (Godine, $13.95), styled in a semi-Pre-Raphaelite mode, harmonize perfectly with the poem's double nature. This slender, well-designed volume should make a perfect gift book, if you can rid that term of its trivial associations.



'LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI' BY FRANK CADOGAN COWPER
FROM 'THE PRE-RAPHAELITES'

Avoiding the temptation to name the worst art book of the year and denying myself the pleasure of belaboring it along with a few others that should have been put to sleep before they got off the presses, here are notes on some recommended books among those that have come to my attention:

The Lindisfarne Gospels by Janet Backhouse (Cornell/Phaidon, $25). Dealing with the publication of a book on one of the finest medieval manuscripts in the world, the temptation would be to enshrine it in a suitably opulent production. On the contrary in this case, there are evidences of cutting corners in the budget—an insubstantial board cover, some crowded pages, a somewhat cloudy tone to the black and white illustrations. But the book is only $25, and the color plates and the magnificent illuminations, are more than adequate if not altogether dazzling. The text, which might have grown stuffy in its awesome scholarship, is presented in a most engaging manner. Wide availability seems to have been the goal throughout, and it has been admirably attained.

Robert Smithson: Sculpture by Robert Hobbs with contributions by Lawrence Alloway, John Coplans, and Lucy R. Lippard (Cornell University Press, $29.50). Not a book for everybody, this is an exhaustive cerebral consideration of the work and dialectics of an artist whose "Spiral Jetty" of 1970 in Great Salt Lake is widely known to the exclusion, for anything like the general art public, of everything else he did. The texts aren't easy. Pick a sentence at ran-

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dom, pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey fashion, and you get something like "In his art Smithson polarized traditional givens and looked at the resultant positive and negative forces" (page 23); or, less esoteric but no less stimulating to the curiosity, "On this site the third upside-down tree was planted" (page 159). Within their contexts these excised bits make more sense—but still, not for everybody. This is a serious treatment of an extremely influential innovator who died in 1973 at the young age of 35, and is illuminating in its elucidation of pros to which you are free to add your own cons.

Russian Avant-Garde Art: The George Costakis Collection by Angelica Zander Rudenstine, S. Frederick Starr, and George Costakis (Abrams, $60). It must say something about either the art or my own loss of stamina that I have grown awfully tired of the Russian avant-garde (for which read Russian early abstractionists) while the French continue to please. Perhaps it is a matter of recent overexposure following the Russians' years of seclusion in Soviet museum storage, but at the moment the best I can do is to look at the Russians respectfully while waiting to receive a charge that has evaporated. It certainly says something about this handsomely produced book that it aroused some faint stirrings of such hoped-for responses, largely because so many unfamiliar names are copiously represented. Also, in this great big bright volume, even the most familiar works benefit by reduction to page size which gives their geometrical forms an exaggerated precision, and from hyped-up color. In spite of my personal ennui, the book is recommended for its brief texts—especially Mr. Costakis's chatty account of how he formed the collection—and as the best general reference in its field.

Three Centuries of Notable American Architects, introduction by Vincent Scully (American Heritage, distributed by Scribner's, $39.95). Here is a bang-up double-header. Go through it page by page for the illustrations and their captions and you already have a pictorial history of American architecture fused with photographic evocations of the people who created, lived in, and worked in the buildings. Then the texts. Twelve authorities shared in writing its 16 chapters, beginning with Marshall B. Davidson, as dean, on Bulfinch, Latrobe, and Jefferson, and concluding with Paul Goldberger, currently the bright young star in architectural criticism, on the Saarinens and a clutch of busy contemporaries. This is a stimulating book—or let's risk the word "inspiring"—in its demonstration that architecture is, after all, the great American art and that American architecture has been the most inventive of all in the post-Renaissance world.

'PORTRAIT OF AMBROISE VOLLARD' BY PIERRE BONNARD
FROM 'BONNARD: THE COMPLETE GRAPHIC WORK'

Hearst Castle: San Simeon by Thomas R. Aidala with photographs by Curtis Bruce (Hudson Hills Press, $40). Chalk this one up as the year's most unexpected fascinator. William Randolph Hearst's pseudo-Spanish, pseudo-baronial, genuinely vulgar castle (but, then, wasn't Versailles just a little bit vulgar too?), stuffed and veneered with a hodgepodge of very good and perfectly awful antiques, decorative walls, carved ceilings, medieval tapestries, you-name-it-and-we've-got-it furniture, and works of art, surrounded by lovely gardens (studded with ancient and modern good and bad sculptures), adds up to a 20th-century period piece all its own. The period has no name; perhaps Early Tycoon would do it. The whole thing would be incredible and the facts related in the text would seem hallucinatory if the photographs were not here to prove it is all real.

The Arts of India, edited by Basil Gray (Cornell/Phaidon, $55). The color plates of paintings are muddy and the photographs of sculpture and architecture are hardly world-beaters, which is a shame in dealing with such glorious material. But for the assiduous beginner, especially one planning a trip to India, this book would be hard to beat as an extensive introduction by a group of major scholars. It was a mistake, though, to tack on a brief final chapter on contemporary Indian art; it has the sole and very sad virtue of

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demonstrating, unintentionally, that there is no point in wasting time on products of a great tradition gone bad.

Visions and Images: American Photographers on Photography by Barbaralee Diamonstein (Rizzoli, $30, $17.50 paper). These transcriptions of informal interviews with 15 photographers, with examples of their work, strike me as a more instructive (and more entertaining) introduction to photographic practice and photography's rather pragmatic aesthetics, than any number of formal treatises. Enthusiastically recommended.

And finally, *The Book of the Piano*, edited by Dominic Gill (Cornell University Press, $48.50). Don't confuse this wonderful book with another new publication with an almost identical title, *Lives of the Piano*, which can't touch it. *The Book of the Piano*, which TNR has given me permission to include here, isn't exactly an art book except by second nature via the paintings and drawings from the Middle Ages on up to now that are used as illustrations. In the same way, *The Book of the Piano* is a thumbnail history of portrait photography. But let all that go; what the book is all about is everything that a piano is all about—how it is made, how it is loved by everybody, how it is played (including jazz piano), and how it is composed for. Written by a team of 14 musicologists and performing musicians, it concludes with an epilogue by Sir Clifford Curzon that begins, "I've known people who, at about the age of three, just toddled off to the piano, and never left it, so to speak; but with me it didn't happen like that." It didn't happen like that with me either, and nothing came of my years of piano lessons except that I got a fixation on the instrument that has enriched my life ever since. Curzon goes on to tell what happened to him—which was, although he doesn't put it this way, that he became many critics' choice for the foremost living pianist. He talks about things like fingering and makes them almost unbearably exciting. I might even choose *The Book of the Piano* over *Bonnard: The Complete Graphic Work*, if such a desperate choice had to be made. In fact, I'm sure I would. Readers should be grateful for my having called it to their attention.

The Politics Of The Playpen

Growing Up Underground by Jane Alpert

(Morrow, 372 pp., $12.95)

> The fact is I am quite happy in a movie, even a bad movie. Other people, so I have read, treasure memorable moments in their lives.
>
> —Walker Percy
> *The Moviegoer*

Growing Up Underground cannot be assayed as a book. It is not literature, or even melodrama. It is the stuff of exploitation movies: cheap violence, unexamined ideas, and a cast assembled for appearance rather than interpretive skill. It also resembles a film in another more crucial respect. As Mary McCarthy has pointed out, "with cinema, for the first time, humanity has found a narrative medium that is incapable of thought."

The heroine of this lobotomized autobiography is Jane Alpert, 1960s radical activist, feminist, fugitive, ex-convict and, currently, "writer on public policy issues for a nonprofit family planning agency." Her résumé begins with reminiscences of an ineffectual father, the victim of economic circumstances and debilitating melancholia. His wife is forced to seek work as a door-to-door salesperson and Jane discovers one day that "my mother had taken power in the family." I leave to Freudians any interpretation of the sexual difficulties which follow Ms. Alpert ever after. At 15, she meets Saul, whose "jeans were molded to his buttocks. . . . [He] projected an animalistic sexuality that hypnotized me and was more than my parents could tolerate." Saul was part of a long, long parade. The names are listed, for those who like to keep score at home; evidently the author does. Throughout her postpubescent life, during the days in Queens, at Swarthmore College, and after, she is pursued, usually by men, she runs away, always contriving to keep the hound in view, and she is invariably run to earth: "I can't bear this, I thought, as he took off his clothes. But it seemed to me that my only choice was to suffer; I held on to my integrity by yielding no signs of pleasure."

All this might only have been a modern Gothic, or yet another version of Norman Mailer's *The Time of Her Time*, had it not been for Sam Melville. The young revolutionary was "tall and broad-shouldered, carelessly dressed in jeans and a work shirt with the top two buttons open." Whether the jeans were molded to his buttocks or simply purchased off the rack is not specified. It is only recalled that before long she "took [her] clothes off with no help from him" and that afterwards he whispered, "you're a slut. He turned the insult into a compliment."

They moved into the East Village and soon "I became drawn into the world of radical politics which I had admired from the outside for so many years and to which I'd never quite managed to gain entry on my own." For a period the radicalism appears to have been confined to the percales. After reading *The Story of O* Sam Melville decides that he wants to dominate and humiliate his partner. She willingly collaborates: "I would ask permission before I touched him—precede my requests to be touched with 'I beg of you, Master.' "

When she is not working on her master's, Ms. Alpert sometimes goes to consciousness-raising meetings. One participant, grilled about the relevance of such sessions, hotly replies with the book's most memorable aphorism:

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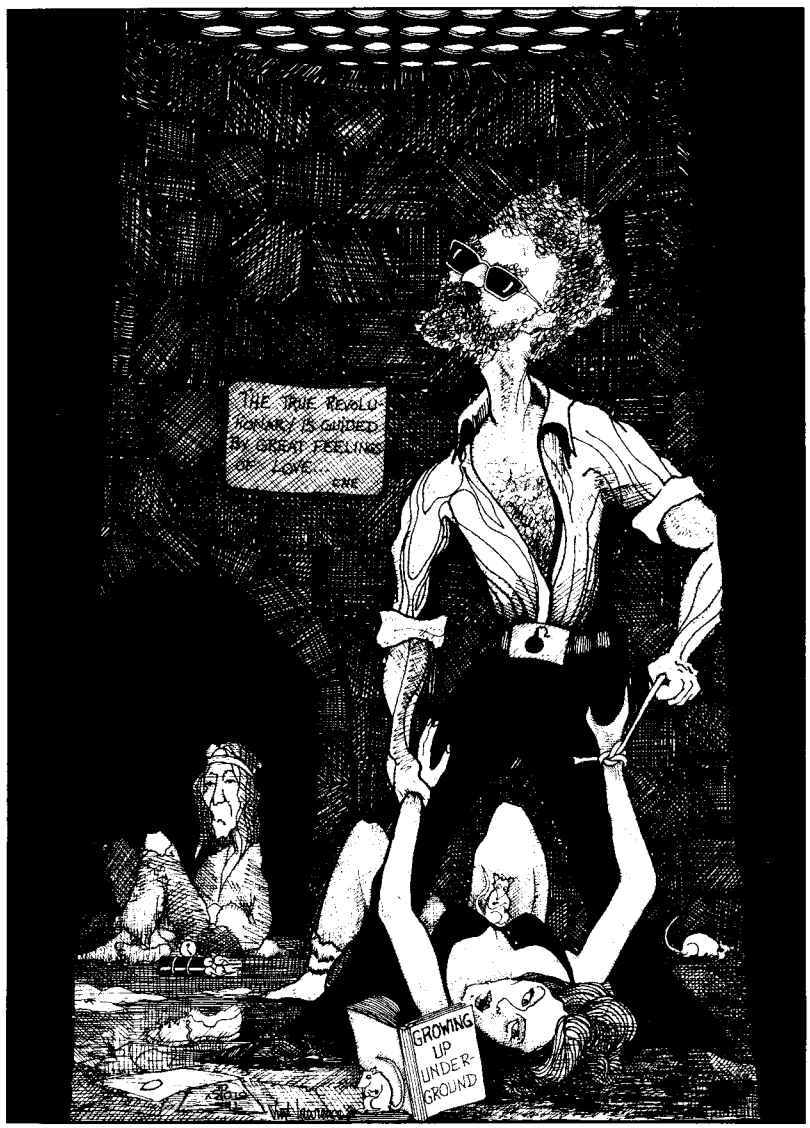
"Orgasms are the most political subject there is." She spoke truer than she knew. Jane Alpert was deep in the theoretical revolution and soon she was to see the vaporous words of her friends solidify into action. Sam Melville leaves an explosive device in a Marine Midland bank, injuring 20 employees. "Because I had threatened to abandon him, even for one night, by sleeping with another man, he had taken revenge on a skyscraper full of people." The author has stronger self-control. Sam might be erratic, but he is, after all, her companion—and is there not on the walls Ché Guevera's phrase, "The true revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love"? What better way to express affection—and assertion—than by planting a bomb? On a September morning in New York, Ms. Alpert boards a bus heading downtown, feeling "as I imagined I would on my wedding day." The dynamite is secreted in Foley Square. She goes home and a few minutes before 2 a.m. all the lights in a federal building go out, One of the watchers whispers, "Holy shit." As for the bomber, "I was too awed to speak."

Not long afterward, Jane Alpert and Sam Melville are arrested. She jumps bail and spends the next four years underground. Melville is slain in the Attica uprising. Alpert writes an open letter to exorcise her attachment to the man who had written her "cold sexist" letters from prison: "And so, my sisters in Weatherman, you fast and organize and demonstrate for Attica. Don't send me news clippings about it, don't tell me how much these deaths moved you. I will mourn the loss of 42 male supremacists no longer." Exhausted and on her way to reform, she eventually surfaces, faces prison and, paroled, assumes a new life.

For these tergiversations she is currently anathema to the radical left and derided by nearly everyone else. There seems little point in any further mockery; no one does it as thoroughly as the author. But her book cannot be so easily dismissed. Its eyewitness portraits of colleagues remain far more compelling than any FBI file. Here is Mark Rudd, hero of the Columbia uprisings, roaming the aisles of a plane, demanding cash handouts from fellow passengers: "You've gotta overcome a lot of bourgeois hang-ups to do that, but, man, it feels great."



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Here is Kathy Boudin,

> very much in love with a woman with whom she had just broken up. . . . throughout this entire conversation she kept her gaze on me so steadily that I was convinced she was trying either to hypnotize me or to get me to sleep with her. Or both.

Here is the Weather Underground, peopled with jealous and angry fugitives, experimenting with acid and other drugs, soaplessness, and clogged toilets, frowning on such bourgeois practices as heterosexuality—that is until Bernadine Dohrn and Jeff Jones bravely, "in spite of the official [Weatherman] dictum against monogamy, [live] together as lovers in an apartment on the beach."

It is all eerily reminiscent of the early pages of *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, once criticized for its exaggerated portraits of the student left: "what was the worst of it apart from the rudeness . . . the young people acted without dignity. . . . what was it to be arrested in the stage of toilet training. . . . who had raised the diaper flag? Who had made shit a sacrament?"

Ultimately and tragically, Ms. Alpert's document reveals not how much the confessor suffered, but how little she and her associates truly involved themselves in social change and authentic pacifist protest. Their protests appear to have been little more than an *exercice de style*, a leap with a safety net. If you were black or Chicano, after all, no one posted bail for you. If you were Jane Alpert, your family not only came up with $20,000 but you could have the pleasure of forfeiting it. All along her exemplars ranted about "selling out." Today, Jerry Rubin is on Wall Street, Abbie Hoffman's last headline was for the profound statement of peddling cocaine, Rennie Davis is at the feet of the Perfect Master, Kathy Boudin is accused of the murder of bank guards, although she was quick to finger an accomplice: "I didn't shoot him, he did." As for the Weathermen, the Black Panthers, the Yippies, where are they now? Did they serve their

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moral use and then become biodegradable? Did they really alert a sleeping nation to the immorality and depravity of racism and the Vietnam War? Or was it the other young, the ones who stayed above ground to do the hard labor in legislatures, who worked in store fronts registering voters, who taught in Head Start schools and fought for the lives of children in the inner cities? Did the Days of Rage at the Mother Country, the characterization of "Amerika" mobilize the country, or did it edge a bewildered electorate away from liberalism to the arms of Richard Nixon and his heirs? *Growing Up Underground* leaves little doubt.

Jane Alpert's text is herself, but her subtext is a vocal, visible group who dominated the screens and the screeds a dozen years ago, who were catered to by concerned parents and cosseted by the kinds of professors Irving Howe called "guerrillas on tenure," who might have fought the good fight but elected instead to enter the bad one. Ms. Alpert and her fellow protestors claimed that they marched to a different rhythm section and on the surface that was so; Dylan furnished the phrases, Ché and Debray the shibboleths, Timothy Leary the smoke, Marcuse the philosophy. But as this document shows on all of its banal pages, beneath the pounding, driving beat of the revolution, those who listened closely could always hear the hard bang of a spoon against a high chair.

STEFAN KANFER

Stefan Kanfer is the author of the recently published novel, *Fear Itself* (Putnam's), and is a senior editor at *Time* magazine.

THE GLASS OF FASHION

The Language of Clothes
by Alison Lurie

(Random House, 273 pp., $20)

Overheard in a suburban shopping center some eight or ten years ago, one middle-aged woman to another: "Marian, what a surprise to see you! I know I must look awful. Usually I'd be wearing pants, I wear pantsuits *constantly*, but today you've caught me in a skirt."

It's the kind of remark that sticks in your memory, mostly because it's so mysterious. Oh, the meaning is clear enough—"I'm not who I appear to be; I'm someone else, someone better"—but why did she feel a pantsuit would have proved it? What was it, exactly, that this woman perceived to be the message of a pantsuit?

In *The Language of Clothes*, novelist Alison Lurie takes a sharp-eyed look at a good many of the messages our clothes may give—or the messages we may imagine them to give, which is not necessarily the same thing. Dress, she says, is a form of communication that precedes even our hellos:

> Long before I am near enough to talk to you on the street, in a meeting, or at a party, you announce your sex, age and class to me through what you are wearing—and very possibly give me important information (or misinformation) as to your occupation, origin, personality, opinions, tastes, sexual desires and current mood. . . . By the time we meet and converse we have already spoken to each other in an older and more universal tongue.

She carries the metaphor of clothing as language almost straight through the book, from the "slang" of blue jeans to the "adjectives and adverbs" of accessories. A man who reflexively dons the same jacket or shoes no matter what the occasion suffers from a "stammer." A mature woman in girlish frills displays a "childish lisp"; an unzipped fly is a "lapse of the tongue," and mousy dress is the "drab, colorless equivalent of the inability to speak above a whisper." When an incompetent employee puts on one of those dress-for-success business suits, he is, in effect, lying. When a hospital patient is ordered into a johnnycoat, he is "struck dumb"—no longer allowed to express himself through clothing of his own choice.

In many respects, this book brings to mind the work of Erving Goffman—the sociologist who, in such books as *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*, interpreted the gestures and tiny formalities we'd hardly bothered to notice before, let alone analyze for hidden meanings. Like Goffman, Alison Lurie has a sometimes startlingly fresh way of looking at things, as if she'd only recently arrived from another planet. She points out that hats stand for the ideas within the heads they cover—that the sheik in Western-style suit and turban is telling us that mentally, if not physically, he remains unassimilated. We respect this message but not its reverse: a sheik in native robes and a bowler hat would be merely comical, with his implication that "though not physically at ease in our country, [he has his head] full of half-baked Western ideas." Carrying this thought to its logical conclusion, Alison Lurie suggests that American tourists might take note. Perhaps, in American dress and Mexican sombreros, they appear equally ridiculous to their hosts.

There are other bits of ingenuity. She holds that the 1960s custom of wearing parts of outdated military uniforms to peace demonstrations was meant to show that the wearer was not a coward—that he opposed not all wars but just the war in Vietnam. She unveils the irony of that Virginia Slims ad in which modern woman is liberated from the suffocating clothes of bygone days: liberated she may be, but she still teeters precariously on very high heels, and the ad copy still calls her "baby." And she analyzes the appeal of the Annie Hall look: the mannish, whimsical clothes imply that the wearer is a good sport, fun-loving, easygoing; but the outsized, dressing-up-in-Daddy's-suit bagginess conveys an air of "helpless cuteness, not one of authority; it invites the man to take charge, even when he is as incompetent himself as are the characters played by Woody Allen."

Also like Goffman, Alison Lurie derives many of her most inventive theories from an almost breathtaking literal-mindedness. The shoulder pads affected by women in the Depression, she says, signified the women's "willingness and ability to bear the burdens of the world by literally squaring their shoulders."

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The Fashionable Mind: Reflections on Fashion, 1970-1981 by Kennedy Fraser

(Knopf, 256 pp., $13.95)

Great ribbons and furbelows, what a captivating swish and rustle of a collection this is! Don't, however, as we of fashionable minds tend to do, be fooled by appearances: beneath her elegant style, *New Yorker* fashion critic Kennedy Fraser has steely things to say about one of the lesser tyrannies that men, and especially women, in affluent societies live under. Fashion—that most vital prop in the staging of one's self—is the subject here. A mercurial despot both by nature and intent, "fashion" slips in and out of Fraser's grasp, yielding some clues to the panicked nakedness we wear behind our new clothes.

Fashion of the "couture" variety, prodigally designed for an assured elite by an equally assured corps of artisans, has been dead long enough (Fraser reckons it to have breathed its last somewhere in the mid-1960s, between the waning of Balenciaga and the rise of Mary Quant and Courrèges) for it to have acquired something of the status of a paradise lost. "Fashion had its place, once upon a time," Fraser elegizes in an essay on "Retro," "and its own clear rules. It could put one elegant foot in front of the other from one season to the next, and quite unselfconsciously." But she isn't convinced, either, of the staying power of our contemporary, democratized way of dressing—where insecure "anti-designers" (Halston is a case in point) assuage the status-anxiety of their even more insecure customers by whipping up costly, easily recognizable styles: "Fashion, in the sense that Seventh Avenue seems to understand it," warns Fraser elsewhere, "may not have much future."

Then too there is the question—never entirely resolved, I think—of significance. Every amateur symbolist can figure out that fashion is a metaphor; Fraser wishes to know for what and how seriously we are to interpret its message. Sometimes she takes a minimizing approach, refusing to see the *more* than meets the eye, scoffing at the dark clouds gathering around the latest vagary of the industry: "In time," she suggests at the end of "Back to Reality," "it may even become clear that shorts are not a threat to society and that changes in hemlines are not the harbingers of anarchy."

At other moments, however, Fraser sounds the alarms, putting the fear of fashion into us. "It may be that elegance—beautiful women wearing clothes beautifully—is incompatible with gaiety," she notes in an observation worthy of Proust, "since women who pin their lives on their beauty and its adornment are very rarely happy." The title essay is another, more elaborately argued, sample of this approach. Ambitiously speculative, it attempts to locate and diagnose the destructiveness inherent in a culture intent on keeping up with The Latest. Out among the counters of what, in a different essay, Fraser calls "the alarming, aggressive, mood-altering blackness of Bloomingdale's main floor," the brisk business going on subsists on the capsulizing and marketing of the subjective and distinctive: everything, including one's dearly won personality, is grist for the trend-setting mill. "The fashionable outlook never permits itself to wander far from the path that will bring in big business profits. . . . For fashion of all kinds," Fraser asserts, "is fundamentally materialistic and utilitarian. Its tendency is to view perception and reflection as commodities, ideas as merchandise, and words as promotional tools."

These essays, then, abound in hedged bets, points scored and then temporarily withdrawn. In 1970 Fraser both did and did not subscribe to the notion that anatomy adapts itself, by some mysterious alchemy, to the dictates of fashion. "A generation of women has grown up," she proclaims in the opening essay, "Hail, Covered Knee!," "with bodies of significantly different shape." Merely one essay later, in "The Secret Power of Dress," she wearily reminds us of "the fact that women's bodies remain much the same from one season to the next." Suit yourself. What is certain throughout is that the writer's love-hate relationship with her subject makes for sparkly reading. And, given the innately aristocratic bent of her enterprise, Fraser keeps a firm, level-headed gaze on the masses yearning to wear silk. She is capable of perfectly workmanlike comments, as well as finely tuned distinctions. "It is true that summer clothes cry out for bare brown skin; for this reason," she avers in "On the Avenue," "black girls, even in the monstrous flapping white gladiator sandals that some of them like to wrap around their legs, invariably look better in their summer clothes than white girls. . . ." Give that a second thought, Irwin Shaw.

Once in a while she loses her wits completely—but who wouldn't, in such "Fellini-like" circumstances—and stands in awe of the icon beneath the gauze. The ode to Bianca Jagger which takes up most of "Style" is too silly: "While the pose is reminiscent of a Bright Young Thing, the heart-shaped face, framed in a swelling brioche shape of dark hair, wears an expression of passionate, self-contained femaleness more worthy of a heroine from D. H. Lawrence." Hm, yes. But occasional lapses aside, Kennedy Fraser can be trusted.

The quote I like best in this volume of delightfully overheard snatches is attributed to a Mrs. Ida Stewart, vice-president of merchandising at Estée Lauder cosmetics: "The new eye," she gravely informs Fraser, "is big and blurred, not just that little old eye, with its ball and pupil." And then there is the legendary Mme. Bricard, who believed in dressing in only one or another of several acceptable colors (black, navy blue, cream, and lilac) and acquired a dazzling number of jewels by heeding the advice given to her by a couturier: "When a man wants to send you some flowers, tell him 'My florist is Cartier.'" Well, they don't make them like that anymore—neither men nor couturiers—but we do have *The Fashionable Mind* to guide us expertly through the pleasures, and traps, of the avenue.

DAPHNE MERKIN

Daphne Merkin is a New York writer.

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Then there's the idea of inner layers of clothing representing the inner self while outer layers represent the outer self. A severely dressed woman in a frilly apron is informing her guests that "a serious career woman is only playing at cooking." An architect in a rustic cord suit wears beneath it a business shirt and tie to display his inner sense of practicality—"to reassure his clients that their buildings will not run over the cost estimate or fall down."

These theories work, for the most part. They may first astonish and amuse us, but then on second thought, we tend to agree. A few, however, seem *too* literal. The wide white stripes in a baseball uniform symbolize the wide spaces of inactively endured by the average player? The gangster's reversal of colors—black shirt and white tie—implies a reversal of traditional values? Well, maybe, but. . . .

There are other theories I'd quibble with, but mostly just for the fun of quibbling. It seems improbable that foreign teenagers wear Levis so that the "power and virtu" of America will rub off on them. More likely it's the casualness, the deliberate eschewal of elegance and political or parental restrictions, that they're hoping will rub off. Nor do I agree that our taboo against elderly women in youthful dress has anything to do with the message of sexuality persisting into old age. It's possible, instead, that youthful clothes simply accentuate age by means of contrast, making sags and wrinkles more obvious and therefore more garish—and none of us cares to see old age as garish, not so long as we're headed there ourselves.

Also, I believe that Alison Lurie is unduly charitable to fashion designers. It's not, she says, that they're manipulating us, but rather that they're trying to read us, to guess the message we wish to convey this year—in some cases, guessing wrongly, as with the maxiskirt they pushed in a period when everyone was idealizing youth. But the fact that the designers don't always succeed is no proof they don't *sometimes* succeed; and I remain as baffled as ever by our lemming-like rush to shorter hemlines, or flatter bodies, or whatever style seems subliminally implanted in our heads season by season.

On the meaning of color, this book is superb—all the more noticeably because there happens to be another book making the rounds these days that proposes each woman should find "her" colors and wear only those colors forever after. What that book almost totally fails to recognize is that color has more purposes than simply to flatter the wearer. It may also send messages of stability, raffishness, vulgarity, or honesty. Imagine, Alison Lurie suggests, a stockbroker greeting his customers in a shocking pink suit.

Finally, a word about the illustrations. They're wonderful. Even if you don't plan to read this book, buy it for the pictures—for Sargent's portrait of the stunningly white-shouldered, black-gowned "Madame X" on the cover, for the statue of George Washington half-naked in classical drapery, and for the fascinating family snapshots that range from a group portrait of lacy little children in 1886 to the oddly international-looking study of a modern, middle-American father with his arm around a mustachioed son in hand-embroidered Mexican shirt.

In fact, the only serious problem with this book is that it's too convincing. Once you've read it—again, as with Goffman's work—you'll be self-conscious to the point of paralysis. What shall I wear with my jeans today, anyhow? My blue chambray shirt? But that would make me one of those shrill-voiced writers in the "artists-are-workers-too" category. My Indian gauze? I'd be falsely expressing an interest in acupuncture, astrology, and Zen. Well, all right, my lace-trimmed Victorian blouse. But then, not only would I be giving a message of feminine helplessness, I'd be making my husband guilty of Vicarious Consumption.

Besides, there are the jeans themselves. They're Lees, and it says right here in this book that only freaks wear Lees.

ANNE TYLER

PHOTOGRAPH BY SIR BENJAMIN STONE FROM 'THE LANGUAGE OF CLOTHES'

"Working men tend to be broader in the chest and shoulders than middle-class men, and to have larger muscles. When they buy a sack suit off the rack, it is apt to be either too long or too tight, making them look misshapen, and thus putting them at a disadvantage in any confrontation with their 'betters.' "

—'The Language of Clothes'

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Critical Crotchets

Lectures on Russian Literature by Vladimir Nabokov

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 416 pp., $19.95)

I find it difficult, in reading Vladimir Nabokov's novels and other writings, to dissociate the man of letters from the ardent chaser of butterflies. He was, as is generally known, a passionate lepidopterologist: it was his obsessive hobby and he caught and pinned down certain rare specimens never before recorded. That whole pursuit, and the pursuit of Lolita, the butterfly nymphet, have long become tangled in my mind; for Nabokov could expatiate on the beauty and iridescence of the fluttering insects with their richness of color and delicacy of genitalia who carry their wings erect even when in repose. So it seems to me inevitable that in his pursuit of literary works—as in these fascinating posthumously assembled lectures on Russian novelists—he chased the butterflies of fictional invention: the leaps and gyrations and colors and incredible flexibilities of the fiction writer's imagination. His subjects were the major 19th-century artists of the Russian novel—Tolstoy, Turgenev, Chekhov, Gogol: he also included Dostoevsky and Gorky, but there the literary lepidopterologist was frustrated by certain psychological intrusions, as we shall see.

An artist, a novelist, is, as we know, an integrated individuality; and literary psychology has taught us that artists' ways of arranging their lives correspond to the arranging of their art: it is all of a piece, the life and the creation. So as we read Nabokov's illuminating pages on his fellow Russians in the large comfortable print of this volume, I can see the classifier of butterflies at work: he is at once artist, critic, and collector. Nabokov remarks that neither learning nor diligence can replace the imagination and style of a writer. He was fortunate, he had the entire bag—his learning and diligence resulted in a close reading of the texts, and his imagination and style lifted his lectures from the level of mere pedagogy into a realm of delight. Fortunate students at Wellesley and later Cornell sat at the feet—or ran with—the inveterate hunter of colored images, iridescent phrases, Tolstoy's time sense, fictional gestures, details of irrational perceptions. "Fancy is fertile when it is futile," he said. "Tolstoy's prose keeps pace with our pulses." "Chekhov's books are sad books for humorous people." And then he gives us the pleasure of assorted minutiae—the Russian use of clockmakers, the value of the ruble, the fashionable wearing of red stockings by ladies in the 1870s, the source of oysters (the Flensburg kind on the North Sea coast of Schleswig Holstein), Tolstoy's slip in dating the age of the Princess Scherbatski (he said she was married 30 years ago, but by Nabokov's careful tally it must have been at least 34 years). Perhaps I am making Nabokov sound like a pedant. Well, there was a touch of pedantry in all this: but when he explains red stockings and delicate oysters he is chasing the butterflies of color and taste, and so many things, summoned up by novelists into the richness of their prose pages.

But this is precisely the point: this kind of focus, this kind of engaging absorption in manners and human stuff was also Nabokov's way of coping with his exile, after being torn rudely by great historic forces from his homeland. When he lifted his eyes from the delicate genital structure of butterflies, he found himself confronted by large and unpleasant subjects: politics, psychology—and his bitter-sweet nostalgia for his sundered world. In defense he becomes doctrinaire, patronizing, and careless. His condescensions used to trouble and sometimes infuriate his friend Edmund Wilson, who told him "an artist may not take politics seriously, but if he deals with such matters at all, he ought to know what it is about." One could say this to Nabokov about Freud as well. Nabokov's occasional political allusions are distinctly disturbing and he was just about as ignorant of Freudianism as most of the writers and academics who mock modern psychology

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when in fact they are not informed.

Thus in the midst of Nabokov's legitimate and well-founded attack on the Soviet Union's enslavement of letters, he offers us an astonishing rewrite of Russian history. Nineteenth-century Russia, he tells us, was

> oddly a free country; books and writers might be banned and banished; censors might be rogues and fools, bewildered tsars might stamp and storm; but that wonderful discovery of Soviet times, the method of making the entire literary corporation write what the state deems fit—this method was unknown in old Russia.

Of course it was unknown; but what kind of "free country" is he describing in which "writers might be banned and banished" and in which there existed a formidable censorship. At this moment the butterfly chaser is forgetting Dostoevsky's four years in Siberia and Turgenev's jailing and house arrest on his estate, or Gogol's occasional run-in with the censorship. It is true that the great books got written in spite of this and against a background of national ignorance and feudal slavery, but we can see how Nabokov was capable of playing fast and loose with history. He plays just as fast and just as loose with modern psychology.

> I am politely but firmly opposed to the Freudian interpretation of dreams with its stress on symbols which may have some reality in the Viennese doctor's rather drab and pedantic mind, but do not necessarily have any in the minds of individuals unconditioned by modern psychoanalysis.

This must have sounded very authoritative to Nabokov's young students. But it reveals that their professor had not done his homework. Freud never used symbols in the way Nabokov imagined. The trouble lay in the latter's concern with the immediately visible, the manifest nature of things, where Freud was concerned with the invisible, the latent content. Nabokov proceeds to interpret the Anna-Vronsky dreams in Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* in terms of the material symbols, overlooking entirely the mental state, the deeply anxious and troubled depths, out of which the dreams emerged. And Nabokov also overlooks, or perhaps did not know, Freud's insistence upon gathering "associational" material before a dream could be studied.

Dostoevsky and Gorky do not lend themselves to Nabokov's aesthetic feelings and classifying temperament. To be sure, they also are not stylists. His view of Dostoevsky is summed up in his telling us that he deplores the novelists's excursions "into the sick souls of his characters"—as if characters in novels are all supposed to be extroverted and healthy. And his remark in his discussion of *Crime and Punishment* that Raskolnikov "for some reason or other kills an old pawnbroker" precisely reveals the flippancy against which Edmund Wilson protested. The greatest richnesses in this novel are the psychological promptings that lead to Raskolnikov's crime, but Nabokov looks away from these. The surface reasons constitute, as Nabokov says, "a dozen different explanations for this exploit." But no logical explanations can be found for a case of abnormal psychology. And it is amusing to observe Nabokov's anger at Dostoevsky's corny scene (worthy of modern TV) in which Sonya, the prostitute, and Raskolnikov, the murderer, read the Bible—the raising of Lazarus—together. What saves this scene from being wholly maudlin is Raskolnikov's belief that he is abasing himself below the level of a prostitute—a mixture of male chauvinism and megalomania that lifts this scene out of melodrama into a realm of psychological truth which Nabokov, who is concerned only with aesthetic truth, wholly overlooks. It cannot be pinned down, it cannot be classified.

Nabokov is very good on Gogol; he can understand idiosyncrasy and ineffectuality. He is not completely happy with Turgenev, whom he accuses of overclassification in his careful police-dossier kind of character drawing. He dislikes Gorky for his aesthetic lapses and his closeness to Marxism and the working classes. Tolstoy fills his requirements—a high aristocratic world of great estates with all the color and grandeur of feudalism and the fine Tolstoyan realism which the entire world admires. To be sure, Nabokov dislikes Tolstoy's moralizing and on very good grounds, for the moralist constantly tried to sabotage the artist. And it is useful to be reminded that the engrossing "Death of Ivan Ilyitch" is not about death but about life. All of Nabokov's passages on Tolstoy are of commanding interest. He opens wide our perception of the storyteller's eternal struggle to make time pass realistically. His pages on Chekhov, both as storyteller and playwright, are filled with illumination. Nabokov is in his own element and no troublesome world issues arise in the treatment of that great Russian master.

The lectures have been edited with care by Fredson Bowers, the high priest of modern textual editing—perhaps even overedited. And readers can pore over many delightful diagrams and sketches Nabokov set down for his students and useful facsimiles of his lecture notes.

LEON EDEL

Leon Edel's collected essays in literary psychology are to be published under the title *Stuff of Sleep and Dreams* in April by Harper and Row.

THE NEW HOLLYWOOD

Turnaround
by Don Carpenter

(Simon & Schuster, 253 pp., $13.95)

If *Turnaround* were a script, it would by now have gone into turnaround—meaning that the studio which financed it would have given up and declared itself willing to be bought out. For Don Carpenter has written the proverbial great Hollywood novel—and no one noticed. Simon & Schuster dumped *Turnaround* on the market early this summer without efforts to advertise or distribute it, and despite warm words from reviewers and fellow writers, the book could not be found in bookstores by the end of July.

The problem with the great Hollywood novel is that it too is a Hollywood cliché. All these years we've been waiting to celebrate a book that would really

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show what bastards the bastards are; then we get such books and find them flat and predictable. The snotty among us have written that reality is no longer real; only surreal effects like Nathanael West's can capture the vulgarly exaggerated L.A. scene. But *Turnaround* is better than *The Day of the Locust* because it has more heart and less slop. And it knows more, it has more to tell us, because it is written with unassuming precision of detail.

DESPITE A FEW errors and improbabilities, one could learn from *Turnaround* how scripts get written, how movies get started, and the relation between the two. But more than that, *Turnaround* is written with love, not just of Hollywood, but of life and people as they are found there. If there is no dignity in the perpetual fight against turnaround, at least there is stupendous ingenuity. Show biz itself is a special kind of lie seeking against big odds to become truth—and it is in that seeking that Don Carpenter finds the high glee that animates his novel.

Carpenter doesn't glorify evil, but neither does he inflate thievery and exploitation into the end of Western civilization. We can see, from what he tells us, how bad movies are, and we are free to think what that means about the world that wants bad movies. But that is not Carpenter's subject. His subject is the efforts of characters on various rungs of the ladder to hang on, or climb higher, or step on someone else's hands—all of which he sees as human and worth recording. The characters and what they do are believable, not merely symptomatic. On every page we can cackle with the author (as he is shown in his jacket photo cackling)—yes, this is just what would happen, just how so-and-so would behave—and yes, even as the characters transcend our expectations and surprise us, yes, *this* is just how it has to be.

Carpenter's L.A. is, in its way, like the Paris of Balzac, where the scurrying is so intricate and the scheming so rich and hopeful that it is raised to the level of nobility. And of course it is corrupt. Any second-rater could tell us that; Hollywood itself can display its corruption like a burlesque dancer revealing her ass. But it takes a novelist to show us how Hollywood works in a way that is worthy of our sympathetic attention.

Carpenter's story is told strictly from the viewpoints of its three heroes. The naive hero is a young screenwriter, Jerry Rexford, who lives on the seamy side of town, the "B" Hollywood Carpenter knows so well. Hollywood for Rexford is a donut shop, a row of bookstores, a semicircle of furnished apartments around a pool he is embarrassed to use, and his job at *Pet Care Hotline*. Rexford gets involved with a woman he meets at an office party who turns out to be witty, kind, and loving. But as he learns his trade and begins to sell his work, he has to write on the sly, for fear of upsetting her. She thinks Jerry's work is a foolish dream—and that one conflict ruins everything else between them. For Jerry is a man who is truly devoted to his dubious craft.

Among Jerry's friends is a man who clerks at a porno shop, who tells Jerry he will help him "crack Hollywood. You'll make it . . . because you know *me*!" After Jerry's failed efforts to send scripts through agents, it is indeed the porno clerk who produces the breakthrough contact, via a chain of odd contacts leading to the young hotshot producer, Rick Heidelberg. When Rick glances at Jerry's script, he sees at once it is something he can use. And that is just how an unknown would get started—not through the connections he thinks he has to have, but through dumb luck that can never be anticipated.

Rick Heidelberg, the creator of that smash hit, *The Endless Unicorn*, is all calculation as he sets about the manipulations that will jockey him into his second hit or leave him out in the cold. Yet the quality of Rick's thinking, as Carpenter shows it, is original and creative—never mind that it is self-centered and

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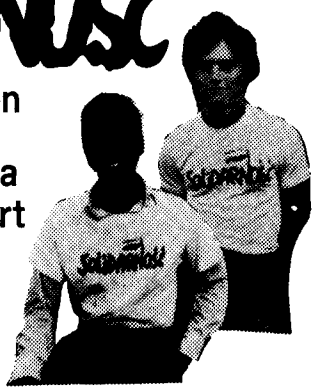

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sometimes silly. Carpenter catches the alertness and the appetite for taking chances, the precise skill at social measurement unknown to better men with fixed inner standards.

Heidelberg's friend and occasional opponent is the production head of a major studio, Alexander Hellstrom, a man of 50 who is preoccupied throughout the novel with a rich and stylish lady who fools him so badly that he is the last to see she is incorrigibly promiscuous. His chauffeur knew it from the beginning. Carpenter has a way of telling us about it that makes it seem neither clichéd nor offensive, but an attribute of a particular woman belonging to a particular wealthy set.

There is an interesting moment when Hellstrom discovers his ladylove in bed with Heidelberg and Heidelberg's girlfriend. Hellstrom's first reaction is rage. He covers himself, however, holds it against no one, and actually helps Heidelberg make his new picture. It is later on that he experiences a crisis:

> It was something inside *himself* that really ate away at him . . . and made him, for almost the first time in his life, wonder what kind of human being he was. The only words he could find for it were *moral outrage*. The three of them lying there wet and stinking. Not even embarrassed, just surprised. If he had had a sword he would have put them to death on the spot.
>
> *Who the hell did he think he was?*

The question of course is Hellstrom's own, and it defines a great deal about the man and the world he lives in, good, bad, and otherwise. Carpenter's rule is that the novelist never comments. He never has to.

CARPENTER—who had already written *Hard Rain Falling* and *Blade of Light*—got involved in movies in the late 1960s, when he took his first script and managed to co-produce a fine, tough, little-known film, *Payday*. After that Carpenter went through 12 years in which he never got another script produced. It's noteworthy that in *Turnaround*, after introducing several dubious movie ideas, Carpenter allows Jerry Rexford to come up with two original gems. The fact that Carpenter serves them up in a novel is an indication not only of his allegiance but of the fate his best ideas would meet if they had to survive in the movie-making process he describes.

But even as his scripts were shot down by egos whose extramovie needs they failed to fulfill, Carpenter began to write L.A. show-biz novels—*Jody McKeegan* and *A Couple of Comedians*—in which he mixed a geography of power with scenes from the down side of town, the region of the talents and semitalents who mill about the entrances, pushing to get in, yet capable of a touching empathy in their relations with one another. At first Carpenter was less sure of himself dealing with big shots than he was with the downtrodden. *Turnaround* achieves more completely what he has been trying to do right along: to show the Balzacian comedy of the parts interacting, of the rise from the bottom and the dip from the top.

In general, the novels that presume to expose Hollywood only mirror its own opinion of its importance. They speak in its terms if only to denounce those terms. Carpenter, with an easy, casual tone, gets the whole picture. He knows, finally, what the emperors of celluloid ice cream will never know, and he quotes it in his epigraph from Thoreau: "A man needs only to be turned around once with his eyes shut in this world to be lost."

JEREMY LARNER

Jeremy Larner, who wrote the screenplay for *The Candidate*, has just finished a novel about the breakdown of a star.

HOME FROM SCHOOL

Teach Your Own
by John Holt

(Delacorte Press, 464 pp., $12.50)

Why Johnny Still Can't Read
by Rudolf Flesch

(Harper & Row, 192 pp., $10.95)

On Being a Teacher
by Jonathan Kozol

(Continuum, 208 pp., $12.95)

In the past 20 or 30 years we've forgotten the distinction between "education" and "schooling"; many people believe they are one and the same. We've allowed school people to claim "education" as their territory, the same way that the Moral Majority acts as if it alone cares about morality and values. School professionals have stepped into the breach willingly, and have built a wall (with bricks of jargon) around the schools, keeping children in and parents out. Now there are signs that the wall is collapsing.

It seems self-evident that children learn a great deal in places other than school, and yet the assumption "school equals education" governs much of our thinking. If it's a device to allow parents to work or "do their own thing" without guilt, it's an evasion. As I was writing this review, our 13-year-old son returned from Boy Scout camp, where he learned about cooking, lifesaving, caterpillars, and more. The day before he went away, we went to a computer center to begin learning BASIC. Much of what he knows about electronics he's learned from a neighbor; radio, television, his friends, and the library are sources of information and ideas; he learned which words not to use from his grandfather; my wife and I taught him to swim; and so on. Could it ever be solely or chiefly the school's fault if a child fails? Obviously, my answer is no.

In my view school is of secondary importance, whether it's at the elementary, junior high, or high school level; the primary responsibility for education rests with families. One of the books under review here (John Holt's

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Teach Your Own) shares that view. The other two (Jonathan Kozol's *On Being a Teacher* and Rudolf Flesch's *Why Johnny Still Can't Read*), although critical of what occurs in school, place a higher value on schooling; both seem to believe that changing schools will change society.

THE BEST of these books is *Teach Your Own*. John Holt tried his hand at school reform in the 1960s and has concluded that the movement was "mostly a fad and an illusion" because, he says, "very few people, inside the schools or out, were willing to support or even tolerate giving more freedom, choice and self-direction to children." That leads to his premise: schools are bad *on purpose*:

> . . . the great majority of boring, regimented schools were doing exactly what they had always done and what most people wanted them to do, Teach children . . . that Life Is No Picnic. Teach them to Shut Up and Do What You're Told.

He admits to not caring about schools and apologizes for even using the term "home schooling."

For the past several years Holt has published a newsletter, "Growing Without Schooling," which consists largely of letters from parents describing their "home schooling" experiences and news of court cases. Because I read the newsletter, I half-expected *Teach Your Own* to be a compilation of these letters, an "instant book." Happily, it's much more, although there are a couple of chapters in which the author's original prose is limited to, "A mother writes from . . . " and similar connecting phrases. But the letters are compelling, and Holt also provides useful chapters on laws regarding home schooling, the value of libraries, and "learning disabilities," which Holt sees as labels schools use to excuse their own failures. Nowhere does Holt acknowledge the effect on home schooling of changes in family structure or the increase in working mothers. He writes for families with at least one parent at home. But he writes for all of those families, well-educated and unschooled alike, drawing on testimony from admittedly uneducated parents about their successes. Children, Holt believes, learn what they need to know when they need it, and their teachers should adopt the doctor's credo: "first, do no harm."

Has home schooling worked for the small number who have tried it? Are parents and children doing well? Holt never tells us, perhaps because he doesn't know. I do know something about one child, whose mother wrote Holt:

> . . . After we had watched our beautiful daughter's life, liberty, and creativity systematically destroyed by kindergarten teachers, Susan decided she wanted to stay at home the next year. . . . For us, schools are foreign lands that are difficult to imagine. Our life is free and our work and learning are directed at goals that we hold dear to our needs, not the goals of society. We have taken control over our lives, we have attained power to run our own affairs. Susan takes care and responsibility for herself, she stands on her own two strong legs, she speaks clearly, thinks clearly and answers only to her conscience. She is happy, talkative, interesting and interested and can choose for her life any damn thing she pleases. . . . Susan lives in a world of marvelous abundance; her resources are unlimited. She has not been 'socialized' by school to think that education is a supply of scarce knowledge to be competed for by hungry, controlled children.

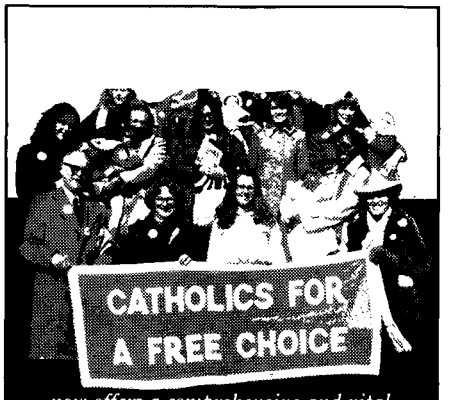
What Holt doesn't tell us is that Susan went back to school not long after that letter was written, when her parents separated; last I heard she was still attending a "regular" school. Holt never explores the less cheerful side of any of the stories he prints, and he never admits the possibility that home schooling could be vexing, boring, or counterproductive.

RUDOLF FLESCH is writing now, as he did in 1955 in *Why Johnny Can't Read*, about two ways of teaching reading: phonics versus "whole word" or "look-say." In the phonics approach, children learn the sounds that letters, and combinations of letters, make; that's the alphabetic code. The look-say method requires memorization of whole words. Most reading experts whose work I know call that a false dichotomy (some phonics is part of all reading instruction, they say), but Flesch says that compromise is impossible, because it would preserve look-say, which he blames for most of our problems. The decline in SAT scores? That's caused by look-say, not television; in fact, Flesch says, kids watch too much television because they can't read, and they can't read because of look-say.

At several points in *Why Johnny Still Can't Read* Flesch speaks of a conspiracy against phonics on the part of the publishers of nonphonics textbooks (the "dismal dozen" he calls them) and the International Reading Association. But he offers no proof, no evidence that somebody's getting rich. I think Flesch believes that scholars and researchers support the look-say method because it provides them with plenty of lousy readers to perform expensive studies on; those studies lead to slight modifications in look-say, which require new (expensive) textbooks, and then more (expensive) research. "Look-say," Flesch maintains, is "an out-and-out intolerable sham, a device to destroy the education of a great nation's children."

Despite its heated rhetoric, I hope this book reaches a wide audience, because Flesch is right about phonics. Children want to learn to read; English is, for the most part, a phonetic language; once children learn the alphabetic code they become readers. It is as simple as that, and schools, teachers, and reading specialists often create more problems than they solve.

Flesch said all this in 1955, and in 1967 Professor Jeanne Chall of Harvard



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"settled" matters in favor of phonics in her book *Learning to Read: The Great Debate*. What's more, reading textbook publishers all say they've incorporated phonics into their texts. So why this book? Flesch argues that the look-sayers have only pretended to change; they've tacked on a smattering of phonics but haven't abandoned look-say. Teachers now *tell* parents they're using phonics, Flesch says, but they're not, and kids are suffering. (Like John Holt, Flesch doesn't think all that much of learning disabilities; even most dyslexia is caused by look-say, he says.) He says we can't trust our school boards or our school leaders; if the reading texts aren't from the "phonic five" (Addison-Wesley, Distar, Economy, Lippincott, and Open Court), then parents should teach their children phonics at home. Otherwise they'll grow up to be poor readers.

Jonathan Kozol has written two useful books about teaching nonreading adults, plus what is arguably the most influential book of the modern school reform movement, *Death at an Early Age*, for which he won a National Book Award in 1968. I still recall reading that book in one gulp, then insisting my friends read it; Kozol made it impossible for me, and thousands of other teachers like me, to ever again just "shut the classroom door and teach." Because of that gift, I wish I had liked Kozol's new book, *On Being A Teacher*, but unfortunately it's not much more than a long magazine article, puffed up into book length. Its premise is that teachers can change society, by avoiding the mistakes of the 1960s (unkempt dress, overreaction, etc.) and by teaching with the words of people on society's approved list of "good guys." Quote Woodrow Wilson, for example, to teach about social inequity:

> We want one class of people to have a liberal education, and we want one class of persons, a very much larger class of persons, of necessity, to forego the privileges of a liberal education and fit into specific manual tasks.

Or use Abraham Lincoln's words in a lesson about racism:

> I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social or political equality of the white and black races. . . . I will say in addition that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which, I suppose, will forever forbid the two races living together upon terms of social and political equality; and in as much as they cannot so live, that while they do remain together there must be a position of the superiors and the inferiors; and that I, as much as any other man, am in favor of the superior being assigned to the white man.

Kozol is endorsing honesty, something he knows that schools and teachers tend to avoid. He believes that most teachers would like to have their classes confront our social contradictions, if only they weren't afraid of being fired. He says Lincoln and Wilson will protect daring teachers; apparently he believes that a school board's anger would subside once it discovered the troublemaker was only quoting "Honest Abe," but I don't believe it. The board would find some other grounds for suspending the teacher, or firing him—like "deviating from the prescribed curriculum," the charge one school board leveled against a teacher who included Aristotle and Plato in his curriculum.

Kozol is a preacher, and his book exhorts teachers to begin doing things they don't do, and to become what they're not. He wants teachers to gather regularly in "teacher centers" for fellowship and to exchange ideas; to visit the homes of their students; to cast off the shackles of teacher guides and develop their own (ambitious and inventive) lessons plans; to become unafraid of their own emotions; and, above all, to be "gentle rebels."

I DON'T think it works that way. Where schools are exciting and successful, it's usually because of an energetic principal and a coalition of parents, with a few teachers joining in. Some teachers do wonderful things with children, but their success usually isn't replicated unless the principal makes it happen. Kozol ignores that truth.

He also skips over a more important truth, the precipitous *decline* in the academic ability of those entering teaching. Today, college students are studying just about anything but "education," and teacher training institutions have had to lower their admission requirements to fill their classrooms. That means less able students will soon be teachers; unless the career ladder changes, some of them will rise through the system to become principals and superintendents. My point is simply this: I think Jonathan Kozol is overly optimistic about today's teachers and their interest in social change; tomorrow's teachers are likely to be even less concerned.

The depressing sameness of public schools doesn't have to be, and if the groups that have organized to defeat tuition tax credits and other aid to private schools really want to save public schooling, they'd better begin talking about diversity within the system: open enrollment, magnet schools, more budget authority for individual principals, school-community coalitions, and the like. Then teaching would attract more teachers of the sort that Jonathan Kozol and I want in the classroom working with our children.

JOHN MERROW

John Merrow is producer and co-host of "Options in Education" on National Public Radio.

CHOP SUEY
(After Edward Hopper, 1929)

One of those upstairs places
on a Main Street—you imagine
the rest of the sign, not neon
but ringed with lights.
It's past noon, so dust cakes
the bulbs like face powder.
She's here with a chum
from the office.
Maybe they do this, just the
two of them, on Wednesdays,
to get away from the others.

Stylish and prim in their cloches,
they don't seem to mind that
the restaurant's almost empty
in shadows green black as Sen-Sen.

She's not lonely, not at all,
but waiting now for something—
for the tea and fortune cookies,
for Mr. Right to come along.
And this is the moment the sunlight
takes to play its game, sing-
ling her out as if she
were a mah-jong tile,
the persimmon of her Tangee lipstick
making a point on her ivory face
that she will never understand.

L. L. ZEIGER

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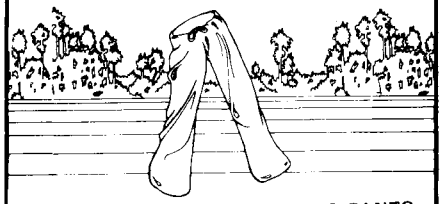

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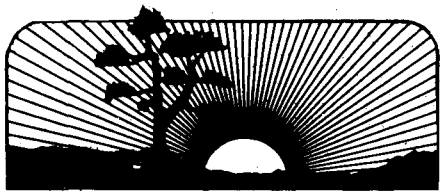

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PRINCETON DIARIST

Race Relations

IN THE FALL of my last year as an undergraduate, I keep noticing the inability of traditional education to translate knowledge into practical wisdom. Hence our failure to solve the growing racial tensions on this campus. Dostoevsky's Raskolnikov, whose story we read back in Freshman Lit, could find no better way to apply his learning and his political ideology than to bury an ax in the head of a miserly spinster. There may not be any Raskolnikovs at Princeton University, but there are plenty of us who could profit from a long lesson in politics, humility, and social grace.

THE ADVANCE publicity called the occasion "an intellectual exercise." But what evolved on November 24 was an exercise only in paranoia and distrust. Hassan Rahman, the Deputy Observer to the United Nations of the Palestine Liberation Organization, had been invited to speak. Someone obviously expected trouble. The crowded lecture hall was dotted with enforcers of various kinds, including armed plainclothes city policemen, an armed PLO bodyguard, university proctors, and at least a dozen student marshals who patrolled the aisles wearing "security" badges. (Such security measures look out of place on this pastoral suburban campus. Princeton likes to think of itself as the purest of ivory towers, and people here don't like to be reminded that they are not immune from the harsh truths of "the real world.") The student marshals were from the Organization for Black Unity, which sponsored the meeting. OBU reserved the large center and front section of the hall for its own members, sparking scattered cries of "racism" and "segregation" from white students. Although OBU had a clear technical right to reserve the seating, as well as an obligation to ensure that the event didn't turn into a shouting match, the seating pattern added to the racial tension in the room. Finally Rahman spoke. After holding up a flyer distributed by the Jewish Hillel organization and quipping, "The Zionists have money for xeroxing," Rahman gave the expected Palestinian line on the Middle East. His voice rose as he warmed to his subject and he declared that Israeli policy toward the Palestinians is "exactly what Nazism did to the Jews in Germany." The speech didn't sit well with the sizable pro-Israeli contingent in the audience. But when Rahman was through, we learned that questioners were to be limited to 60 seconds, that they would have to give their names to an officer of OBU before being recognized, and that there would be absolutely no "rebuttals" (the sponsors' term for follow-up questions). A rabbi sitting in front of me shouted sarcastically, "An intellectual exercise!" He was told to be silent or leave. Several students received similar admonitions when they attempted to ask follow-up questions. One student asked how Rahman could reconcile his professed yearning for peace and justice with the PLO's penchant for attacking schoolchildren. Rahman answered with a 10-minute monologue on imperialism and colonialism. The student waited until Rahman was finished, and repeated, "And what about schoolchildren?" Grabbing a mike, one of the student sponsors replied, "I'm sorry, but we don't have time for rebuttals."

BUT IN THE DAYS following the speech the rebuttals did come, and they showed a hostility that has become the trademark of Princeton's continuing debate over race relations. Since I have been here this is the first time it has become a public issue. Most students sensed that there was a taboo about discussing a problem that was clear to everyone: race relations barely exist at all, and where they do, they are often strained. The university is a bastion of conservatism, a place where tradition is worshipped. Not surprisingly, third world students (as blacks on some campuses now prefer to be called), who were excluded from that tradition for some 230 years, sometimes do not feel welcome. These students say that white racism has forced them to find support in their own community, in third world unity. Some whites have countered that this is "separatism." Others show little desire to come to grips with the obstacles that third world students face here, and show little sensitivity to their resentment of the many remnants of Princeton's WASPish past (such as the selective eating clubs). The university remains remarkably segregated, in academics and extracurricular activities as well as in students' social lives and housing choices. The issue exploded this fall after a controversial column appeared in the *Daily Princetonian*, exhorting the new director of the Third World Center to reach out to "well-meaning white students" in addition to uniting the third world community. A response by the governance board of the Third World Center rejected all responsibility for "reaching out," and added, "The bottom line is that white students on this campus are racists, but they may not know it." This provoked equally harsh replies. Even the alumni pitched in during this period, with one correspondent from the Class of '51 blaming "minorities" for everything from grade inflation to the decline of winning football at Princeton. The tension is visible everywhere on campus. In the large dining halls the whites and the third world students sit separately. Outside wary glances are exchanged. In public, people are cagey; in private, the resentment pours forth.

SIX WEEKS of discussions and arguments about race relations has produced no visible progress. The university has finally admitted that there is a serious problem, but is at a loss about how to solve it. Although one dean proposed a blue-ribbon task force to deal with the issue, the higher powers in the administration seem to prefer to tread water, hoping that the problem will go away. It would be encouraging to think that airing the subject has raised the "consciousness" of this community. Few people I have talked to, of any race, think this is so; if anything, the bitterness has increased. Princeton does an admirable job of imparting theoretical knowledge to its students, but as we have witnessed this fall, theory often has little bearing on the most pressing problems in the "real world," which sooner or later intrude upon all of our lives.

JOEL ACHENBACH

Joel Achenbach is a senior at Princeton and is the editorial chairman of the *Daily Princetonian*.

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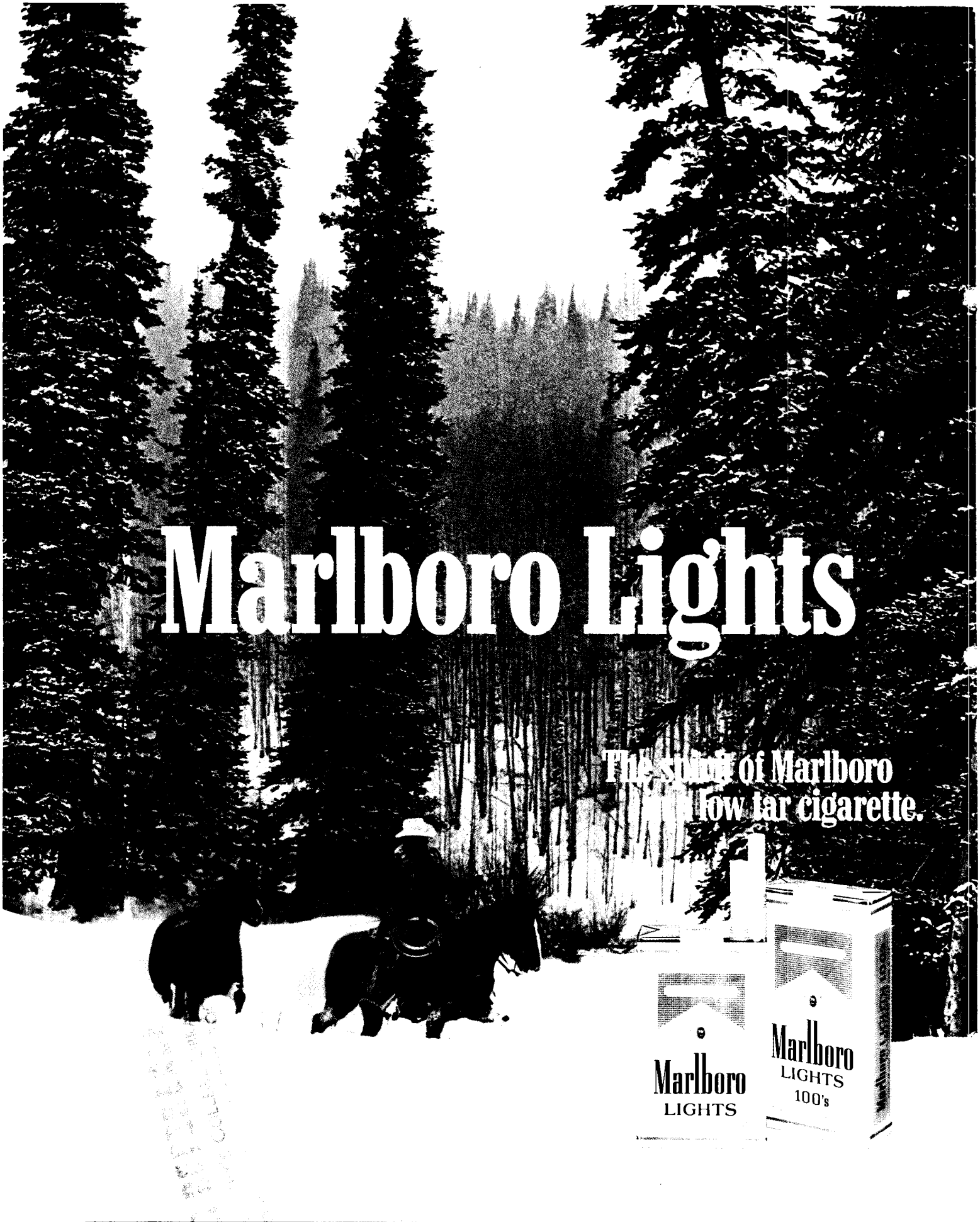

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